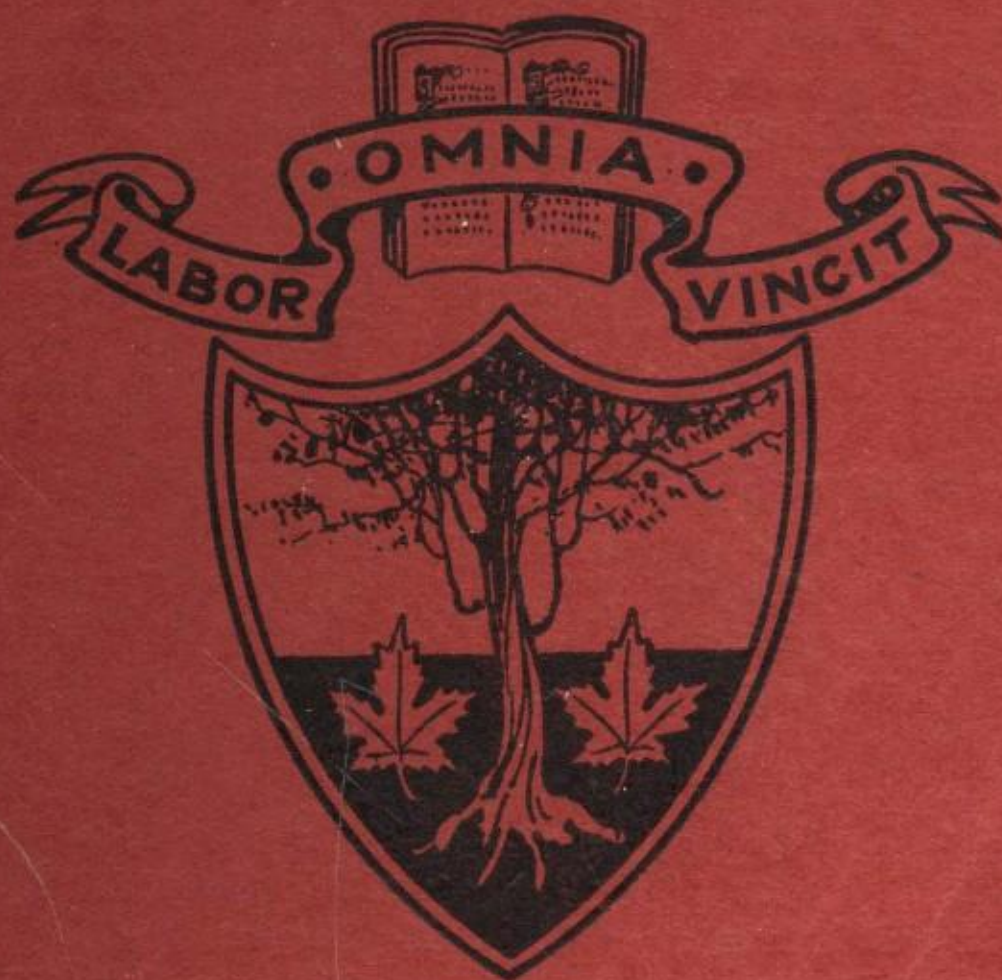


Ruby Watts

Paris High School



YEAR BOOK



1935

Honor Roll

Killed X, Military Medal o, Military Cross x, Distinguished Service Order *, Bar to Military Medal —.

ENLISTED

	Russel Aitkin	x	James Lovett
	William Appleby		Arthur Martin
	James Appleby		Thomas Martin
X	Dorothy Baldwin		Daniel Maus
o	Edward Baldwin	X	Jairus Maus
	Burt Barker		Theodore McCammon
X	Earle Barker		Duncan McCosh
	Alfred Bell	X	William McCosh
	Arthur Bond	o	David McKay
	Lester Broomfield		Ign. McLaughlin
	Chester Brown, M.D.		Hal McPherson
	Norman Brown		James McKuer
	Alex Carnie		Carl Millington
o—	Charles Carnie		Thomas Moyle
	Paul Clement	X	William Moyle
	Gordon Cline		Thomas Newell
	H. Clutterbuck, M.D.		John Patterson
	Leslie Cook	*	William R. Patterson
	Walter Cullen		Roy Pearce
	James Davidson		Archibald Peebles
	Robert Davidson	X	Harper Qua
	Howard Drake		Norman Qua, M.A.
	Harold Finnemore		Richard Qua
	Alan Foley		Richard Rayner
	Alex. Forbes	X	Lawrence Rehder
X	Charles E. Ford		Melville Richardson
	Archibald Fraser		William Richardson
o	Edgar Harold	o	Frank Rousell
	Jack Harold		George Rousell
	Cleveland Hess		Arch. Scott
o—	Fraser Hilborn		Joseph Shannon (died in training).
	Stanley Hilborn	X	James Shawcross
	Calvin Hurd		Earl Skea
	Ivan Hurndall	X	Mack Stewart
	George Inksater		Sidney Stickland
	Howard Inksater		Alan Taylor
o	Evan Kerruish		Arthur Taylor
	Hubert Kerruish		Richard Thomson
o	James Kingsburgh		Reginald Wall
	John Knill		Harry Watson
	Louis La Pierre	x	Robert Watson
	Claude Lawton		Percy Webber
	Jack Layton		Fred Wentworth
	Clarence Lee		Olive Whitby
	Eric Lilley		Norman Wickson

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."
Tennyson.

Paris High School Dear Book



December 1935

PRICE 35 CENTS

Foreword

Now that we are in the eleventh year of my principalship at Paris School, it seems quite appropriate to look back over the ten years of successes and failures.

Before this eighth Year Book is published, the tenth graduating class will have received their diplomas and formally bidden farewell to P.H.S. Nearly all of these have Honour Matriculation which was the equivalent of the first year of university work ten years ago.

Where are the ten groups who have proudly received their graduation diplomas? As business men, dentists, doctors, engineers, nurses, teachers, home-makers, many have taken their assured places in Canadian life. Others are attending university, normal school or other educational institutions in preparation for professional or business life. Owing to difficult times in which they graduated, some have not obtained what they consider suitable positions, and are still hoping for something better. We have rejoiced at the successes of these graduates; we have regretted their temporary reverses. Frequently many of these loyal graduates write letters of appreciation or pay us friendly visits in our home. We deeply appreciate these evidences of the continued friendship of our former students.

What has become of the greater number who left our school without graduation diplomas? Many of these will be most successful because they possess determination and constancy of purpose. Others will not be as successful, yet the great majority, let us hope, nearly all, will have received a training at our school which will enrich their lives and increase their happiness. When the lessons are forgotten, the training will remain. When they can no longer recall the names of their comrades, these ex-students will have retained the benefits gained through the social intercourse on playground, in the literary society or other extra-curricular activities of the school. If all these students of this decade retain the friendly spirit manifested in school and their ideals of honour and fair play, their years at P.H.S. will not have been wasted though all their lessons are forgotten.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of advanced education of this decade is the greatly increased attendance at secondary schools. In 1925, the average attendance at our school was about one hundred and fifty, whereas last year, it was slightly over two hundred and fifty. This increase of one hundred students has increased both the labour and difficulties of teaching and placed a greatly added nervous strain on the teachers. It would have been quite impossible to do satisfactory work under these difficult conditions without the wonderful co-operation of the students and especially of the officers of the Literary Society and the Athletic Associations.

Perhaps all our students in their later years will claim that these Year Books are the greatest single achievement of their school days. They will boast that their book is quite different from those of other schools. They will read again and again the names of the winners of the prizes and scholarships and will remember with gratitude the generosity of the donors.

The next ten years will see many changes in education. The Junior Matriculation certificate will probably disappear and the graduation diploma take its place. The emphasis will be more on the so-called practical subjects. Through all these coming changes, this high school will succeed as long as the teachers have the sympathetic co-operation of the students and the public.

C. Ward Butcher.



Helen McKenzie.



Dorothy B. Rae.



THE STAFF

Gertrude M. Cameron, B.A.	Donald A. Smith, B.A.	Helen H. McKenzie, B.A.
Florence M. Flanagan, B.A.	C. Ward Butcher, B.A.	Margaret T. Cowan, B.A.
Dorothy B. Rae, B. A.	(Principal)	Isabelle M. Sinclair, B.A.
	George A. Smale, A.T.C.M.	

A Message from the Board of Education

Another year has passed with its responsibilities and pleasures, and again a Year Book goes out to tell the public of the activities of Paris High School during this past year.

As we review the past, we do so with considerable satisfaction, for we have seen many pass through the portals for the last time as students and take their places in business and in schools of higher education. During the depression, many of our boys and girls found themselves without employment and wisely devoted their time to increasing their knowledge and thus to better fit themselves for the day when a position would be forthcoming. We are thankful to say that the signs, if they can be read aright, lead us to believe that the terrible depression is passing and that many of our young people are finding work more congenial to them.

During my long term of office as a member of the Paris Board of Education many changes have taken place. Our old high school, where so many were prepared for the battle of life by the men and women of sterling character who taught there, has passed, and for twelve years our scholars have turned their faces to the north side of the town where our splendidly equipped new school stands. At the time it was built, plenty of room was provided; but at the present time it barely accommodates all the students, which fact alone makes teaching most difficult. However, under our present fine teaching staff, the boys and girls are receiving a training in self-discipline and leadership which will stand them in good stead in the future. On behalf of the Board, I wish to express our sincere thanks for the co-operation of the staff and all those who have helped to make for success.

I cannot close this message without expressing my personal thanks to the members of the Board of Education. During almost a quarter of a century on the Board, I have been associated with many different members, all of whom gave generously of their time and effort to the betterment of education in this community. Though I am an appointed member of the Board and live in the country, the members have elected me chairman for the last three years. To me, this is definite evidence of the desire of the people of the town to co-operate with the country people in the interests of education, and is a token of the wider sympathies of the present generation which realizes that town and country are inter-dependent.

George L. Telfer.

Board of Education

George L. Telfer, Chairman

Dr. F. Barron

J. T. Mogan

Dr. Austin Dunton

A. Clarke Mowat

Dr. F. H. Jeffery

Roy Schuyler

Charles McCausland

H. G. Simmons

Col. A. H. Monteith

Erle Taylor



Through the medium of The Editor's Page, I wish to convey to the pupils of P.H.S. a little of the deep appreciation I feel on being appointed Editor of your Year Book. As a newcomer to your school only last year, it is indeed a signal honour which you have conferred upon me. But to be the first editor who does not live in Paris or its immediate vicinity is a two fold honour of which I feel I am totally unworthy.

During the short time I have attended P.H.S., it has attained an important position in my life. Here it is that I have made friendships which I am proud to acknowledge and shall forever treasure. In the years that are to come I may forget many of your names, yet the remembrance of the few happy years I spent at P.H.S. shall always be vividly inscribed in my memory.

I must confess that it was not without a few misgivings that I first entered these now so familiar halls. Everyone feels somewhat strange and out of place when entering an altogether new sphere and I was no exception to the rule. But any doubts I may have had were soon dispelled by friendly words and smiles with which I was welcomed. The pupils of Paris High School saw me, not as a stranger, but as a fellow student with whom they would be constantly associated during the school year. That first acquaintance of only a year ago has ripened into a respect and friendship for Paris High School which I hold very dear.

P. H. S. I salute you!

This edition of our Year Book in certain respects differs radically from those of previous years. Being at a loss as to ways and means to make this edition a little different from those of former years, we finally decided to concentrate on humour. We fully realize that it is a somewhat perilous step, inasmuch as we must appeal to a widely diversified sense of humour. Nevertheless we have gone ahead as originally planned. The various committees have worked untiringly to make the Year Book what it is. We hope you like it, for it is you, the students of P.H.S. who are our real critics. It is your book and on you, in a large measure, depends its success or failure. And so we give you "The P. H. S. Year Book for 1935."

Glenn H. Taylor, Editor-in-Chief.

Year Book Committees

Editorial Committee

Glenn Taylor (Editor-in-Chief)
Hazel Folsetter
Jean Taylor
Ruth Gilbert
Grace Dennis
William McCrow
Mr. Smith (Staff Adviser)

Business Committee

Norman Seip (Chairman,
Donald Hickson
William Stockton
Jack Wilkin
Keith Brown
Kenneth Cumming
Mr. Butcher (Staff Adviser)

1932
36

Graduates

1941
1942
24

ERNEST JAMES APPS

On August 8th, 1916, a second son was born to Mrs. and the late Mr. E. O. Apps of Paris. After due consideration, this new arrival was named Ernest James Apps.

Ernie attended Central Public School until he passed his Entrance in 1929. In the fall of the same year, he entered P.H.S. for the first time.

During his sojourn at P.H.S., Ernie took a very prominent part in the various school activities. Being a brother of the "one and only" Sylvanus Apps, it was only natural that he, too, should be interested in athletics. He took part in all the Field Days and was Vice-President of the Boys' Athletic Association from 1930 to 1932.

Ernie was Form Reporter of The Quill during the spring term of 1934. During the same year he was "Wit and Humour" Editor for The Quill and Marshall of the Literary Society.

Ernie is now taking a course in Chemical Engineering at the University of Toronto.

G.H.T.

ROBERT D. A. COWAN

Robert D. A. Cowan, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Cowan, first saw the light of day on May 21st, 1916, on his father's farm near the village of Princeton, and what a bright, happy day that must have been in that home.

During the first five years of his life this stirring little lad no doubt kept his parents busy; but undoubtedly they saw in him great possibilities. When at the early age of five Bob began to attend school in Princeton, his parents were not disappointed in his abilities as a student; for his public-school days were crowned with success. He passed his Entrance in 1928, and graduated from Princeton School with his Junior Matriculation in 1933.

Wanting to develop his intellect still further, Bob decided to attend the Paris High School. While at Paris he held several prominent positions, being treasurer of the Boys' Athletic Society and prophet for the Literary Society, showing his interest in sports and his popularity among the scholars.

Bob is a staunch supporter of the Conservative Party, and would always be found at the noon hour deep in an argument over political questions. There are real possibilities that he may some day be one of Canada's greatest statesmen.

Bob received his Senior Matriculation after two years in Upper School and we all wish him good luck for the rest of his career.

JEAN ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM

Ten little rosy fingers and ten little pink toes were probably what you noticed first about Jean Elizabeth Cunningham when you saw her in the days following her very first birthday on May 19, 1917. She was—and is—the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cunningham, of Paris.

Not liking to destroy an ancient custom, Jean started to Central School in Paris at the age of six, and promptly proceeded to gain knowledge. This she did until 1930, when, armed with her Entrance Certificate, she started to High School with the rest of us '35 graduates.

There, Jean completed her full Junior Matriculation and obtained her standing in certain Honour Matriculation subjects. And now, after securing a position with Penmans Co., she has left P.H.S. to make her own way in the world.

We remember Jean, endearingly known to us as "Cunny", as much for the music that those "ten little rosy fingers" of hers can produce as for any of her other attributes.

Go on, my schoolmate, and make your talents count.

"For she who does in this old world her best
Though it be poor, surpasses all the rest."

L. M. W.

FREDERICK LEWIS GRIGG

Fred Grigg made his first, and possibly one of his earliest, appearances at 6.15 a.m. on February 18, 1917, at Paris.

At the age of six he entered the South Ward School and from there advanced to Central School. In 1930 he was successful in passing the Entrance Examinations, and soon thereafter was to be seen joyfully hurrying to Paris High School to be initiated into the complex mysteries of Algebra, Latin and various other joys of academic life.

In five years Fred secured his Junior Matriculation and Upper School Composition. He is now studying to be a druggist under Mr. George Alderson, a graduate of Pharmacy College, Toronto.

Fred is a jolly friendly character who was well known and well liked throughout the school. His hobbies are art and music. His ambition is to be a doctor, and we hope his present studies may be but a step toward the fulfillment of his hopes.

A.R.M.

NELLIE MAY HAINES

Nellie made her first appearance on earth on April 30th, 1917. She was born in the white house which stands sentinel over Haines' hill just south of Drumbo. Here she has lived the whole eighteen years of her life.

She entered Drumbo Public School at the age of six, passing her Entrance when she was thirteen. Her longing desire to be a teacher necessitated the continuance of her studies at Continuation School where she won quite a reputation as a student. In 1934 she went to Paris, obtaining in one year Senior Matriculation in nine papers regardless of the retarding effects of the Overland Limited. At present Nellie is attending Stratford Normal School. Let us all join in wishing her every success in her chosen profession.

J.C.M.

ETHEL JOHNSTON HENDERSON

Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Henderson, was born in Burford on September 26, 1915. Two years later the family moved to Paris, and thus Ethel was introduced to our fair community. When Ethel was seven, she was adopted by Miss A. E. Arthur, and has from that time made her home at the Nurses' Residence of the Paris Willett Hospital. Ethel received her first scholastic training at Paris Public School. Faithful attendance and diligent study had their reward, for in 1929 she received her Entrance Certificate and enrolled at Paris High School. During the years spent behind its portals, Ethel entered with great enthusiasm into school life. On more than one occasion she represented her Form on the Staff of the Quill and took part in Literary programs.

Ethel received her Graduation Diploma in 1935. At present she is studying practical dietetics at the Willett Hospital and hopes in the future to enter the nursing profession. May we take this opportunity of wishing her the greatest success in her chosen profession!

I. K. H.

ISABEL KATHLEEN HUNT

Isabel Kathleen Hunt, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hunt, was born April 27, 1917, on Walnut Street, Paris.

At the age of six, Isabel started to Queen's Ward School, and, in 1928, passed her Entrance with honours.

The next fall, Isabel enrolled at Paris High School. During her stay there, she was an active member of the Literary Society; and during the fall term of 1934 she was the high school correspondent for the Brantford Expositor.

In 1935, she entered deeper into school activities by becoming assistant-editor of the Quill. During the same year she was an active member on the Year Book Committee.

This year, having obtained her Senior Matriculation, Isabel has joined the staff of the Brantford Expositor, intent on a journalistic career.

We wish her the best of luck in her chosen profession.

E. J. H.

JESSE NOEL JASPER

March, 1915, brought a new member to the family of Mr. and Mrs. William Jasper—a son, Jesse.

For several years after that twenty-eighth day of March, Jesse lived near Kitchen's School, east of Paris. Then, when he was seven years old his parents moved west of Paris.

Shortly afterwards when Jesse took his first steps along the paths of knowledge at the Stone School, a new period of his life had begun.

In 1929 his public school days ended, and he entered Paris High School. During his six years there, Jesse was keenly interested in sports, and during his final year was a member of the senior boys' basketball team.

C.A.S.

HAROLD ALEXANDER KENNEDY

Harold was born on June 29th, 1914, at the family homestead, situated on the fifth concession of Dumfries Township, County of Brant, where he lived for six years before he took the notion that he wanted to go to school.

So, he started his educational career at the White School which was not far from his home. However, after spending one year and a half at that school, he came with his family to Richwood and there completed his elementary education when he passed his Entrance in 1928.

In the same year Harold began his secondary school work at Paris High School and completed it last June.

While at Paris, Harold became one of the most popular members, not only of his own class, but of the whole school, on account of his ever-generous and obliging nature.

During his term here, he took an active part in the Literary and Athletic societies and was ever willing to serve them in every possible way.

Now Harold is in Belleville attending Albert College, where we trust that he will be just as successful as he was in Paris, and we wish him the very best of luck in the future.

J. A. T.

HARLAND RICHARD KEMPTHORNE

Dec. 13th, 1916, is a very important date, at least as far as Harland Kempthorne is concerned, for it was on this eventful day that he came into this "cruel" world.

After much consultation, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kempthorne named the new arrival Harland. For five years this little cherub made life far from monotonous at the Kempthorne homestead. Finally at the tender age of six, Harland, having decided he needed an education, started to Central Public School.

In 1929 he transferred his attention to P.H.S. While among us Harland distinguished himself through the marked ability he displayed in his studies. In his graduation year he won the scholarship in Mathematics donated by Mr. C. H. Baird. He also was an excellent hockey player, as his teammates of the Paris Juniors will testify.

Harland is now taking the Engineering course at Queen's. Your friends at P.H.S. wish you best of luck in the future.

G.H.T.

ALFRED ALEXANDER McLAREN

From the beginning, Alex's life has been auspicious. He was born on July 11th in the year 1916, at his farm home near Drumbo. For five long years he thrived upon his native heath when finally it was decided that he should start to school in the year 1922.

Alex's school life was very successful. He proved to be an assiduous worker and in 1929, passed his High School Entrance examinations with honours. He continued his school life at Drumbo Continuation School until his graduation from there in 1933. The next two years he spent at Paris High School where he was one of our most valued students and from whence he is now graduating. Alex has chosen to become a farmer and we all wish him the greatest success.

R. D. A. C.



J. TAYLOR



E. HENDERSON



H. KENNEDY



J. CUNNINGHAM



E. APPS



A. MCLAREN



H. WILKIN



A. MILLER



L. WILKIN



E. NASH



J. JASPER



J. MURRAY



I. HUNT



F. GRIGG



C. SOWDEN



H. KEMPTHORNE



N. HAINES



R. MURRAY



R. COWAN

GRADUATES

1935

1952
36**ADAM ROY MILLER**

Adam Roy Miller was born in Paris on August 22, 1916. He attended Central School where in 1929 he passed his Entrance with so high a percentage that he received the First Prize awarded by the Board of Education.

In High School, Adam acquitted himself nobly. On his Junior Matriculation examinations, he received ten firsts. While in Middle School, he also won the Legion Essay Contest.

In Upper School, Adam received ten firsts and two seconds. Surely a record to be proud of! As a fitting conclusion to his life at P. H. S., Adam is Valedictorian of the 1935 graduating class.

Although he plays the cornet in the Paris Band, his chief interests lie in the study of Chemistry, amateur radio and aviation.

Just now, Adam is doubtful as to continuing his studies in college. If he decided to seek further knowledge, we know that he will not be far from the top. Your friends of P. H. S. wish you every success in your future endeavours, Adam.

F. L. G.

JEANETTE CLARKE MURRAY

On April 14, 1916, Jeanette Murray visited the home of her parents and then decided to stay. They were then living in Bronte, Ontario. Later they moved to Hamilton, and from there to Avonton.

At the age of four, she persuaded her mother and father to move to Drumbo, where she managed the General Store for five months. At the end of that time, she gave over her duties to her father and took up the work of obtaining her education in Drumbo School.

At twelve years of age, she passed her Entrance, and then continued her studies in Drumbo Continuation School until she received her Junior Matriculation in 1933. For the next two years she went to Paris High School, and in 1935 obtained her Senior Matriculation.

This year Jeanette is attending Stratford Normal School. We all wish her the greatest success.

N. M. H.

RICHARD ELLIOTT MURRAY

Richard E. Murray, as his fond parents named their eldest son, was born in Paris on Aug. 29th, 1915. Dick managed affairs at the Murray residence for a few years but finally resigned this important position in order to pursue a scholastic career. And so for six years Dick was a pupil of Central Public School.

Dick passed his Entrance in 1928 and in the fall of the same year entered P.H.S. After seven years Dick felt that he would learn more if he had a change of atmosphere, and so he graduated.

Then onward to Queen's University, where he is now engaged in mastering a course in Mining Engineering.

Your P.H.S. friends wish you the best of luck, Dick.

G.H.T.

EDGAR JAMES NASH

April 10, 1917—yes that was the fateful date when this world was first introduced to that squirming bunch of masculinity known to us all as Edgar James. The town of Dundas boasts of being the first to welcome him.

When still a wee (??) toddling youngster he suggested to his family that maybe Paris would be a better place to live in. No sooner suggested than done. Our hero grew in mind (?) and in stature (Mark there is no question mark after the latter word).

He entered Paris Public School and graduated with flying colours (not only auburn) in 1930. Agog with excitement he entered the portals of mighty P.H.S. in September 1930 and within a very short time he became one of the foremost citizens of our Institution of Education.

From the very first he seems to have been imbibed with the gift of gab (pardon my colloquial expression); not only was he gifted but he made good use of his gift. In Jan., 1932, he won the Junior Boys' Oratorical Contest and he was again victorious in the Junior Districts Contests held in February.

"E. J." took a leading part in the social life of the school. Whenever there was a dance or party "E. J." was foremost in its organization and completion.

Music was one of his greatest weaknesses. If you were to visit the "chez lui" you were sure to hear strains of some of the great master's works. On the clarinet he was what might virtually be called a virtuoso (thank goodness these are few and far between). He was a member of the school orchestra and was always a great exponent of music, classical—or even jazz.

Behold his literary abilities. He was the editor of "The Quill" for the fall term, 1934. During his regime as editor the quality of the paper increased.

In Edgar we have a second Charles Laughton. He was one of the leading characters in the Commencement play of 1934. He charmed his audience to the fullest but he had much difficulty in convincing the movie promoters from Hollywood that he was not yet ready to enter filmland.

Edgar graduated last summer and is now attending the Hamilton Normal School and intends in the near future to help the younger generation learn the "Three R's". All his friends (that means everyone he met) wish him all the luck possible in his chosen profession.

D.A.M.

CRAIG ALEXANDER SOWDEN

Craig, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sowden, was born on December 28, 1916. The first six years of his career were spent at his home on the Paris-Brantford Highway. And then school days came!

Craig's preliminary education consisted of eight years at Moyle's. Public School success was crowned by his enrollment at Paris High School in 1930.

During his five years among us Craig studied diligently and earned the respect of his teachers and form pals. In his spare moments he could often be seen working over some mathematical problem. He was always ready to help anyone with a "difficulty". His modesty and quiet, pleasant disposition made him the friend of all.

Craig is now farming with his father. We hope that he will remember the old form friends and join us in all our re-unions.

We all wish him success and happiness.

J.N.J.

JACK ALEXANDER TAYLOR

Jack Alexander Taylor was born in Hamilton, Ontario, on April 18th, 1915. He came with his parents in 1918 to live in Richwood. Here he received his public school education. In 1928 he entered Paris High School, where he took the general academic course, and completed his Junior Matriculation and Upper School. He was always active in the various school organizations. Jack also played a prominent part in the school's Athletics. He was generally proficient, and, in 1930, won the Intermediate championship. This was followed in 1932 by his capturing the Senior championship. He played an important role on the basketball teams, in which he always played "the game" and the gentleman.

Jack always possessed that faculty of good fellowship; and I am sure will be generally missed around the halls of P.H.S.

His plans for the future are rather indefinite as yet; but he is at present working in Hamilton. May the best of everything be yours, Jack!

H. A. K.

HELEN MARY WILKIN

Helen Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Wilkin, was born in Paris on August 22, 1916. Even while attending Paris Public School Helen gave promise of a brilliant future; for she received Honour Standing when she passed her Entrance, and carried off the Second Prize given for History. Helen entered High School in 1930 and passed through the various forms with flying colours. In Fourth Form her wonderful essay written for the Legion Contest on the subject, "Canada's Contribution to the Allied Cause in the Great War" won the prize for the Senior Classes. Helen took an active part in the school's athletic, social, and literary life. She held positions on the Executive of the Literary Society, on the Staff of the Quill, on the Girls' basket ball team, and was form representative for the Athletic Association. In the play "My Lord in Livery", she very cleverly portrayed the role of Laura, presented at the 1934 Commencement. When Helen graduated with complete Junior and Senior Matriculation in seven subjects, the School lost one of its most brilliant and popular students. In September she entered Toronto General Hospital. Her class-mates wish her every possible success in the future.

I. K. H.

LAURA MARGARET WILKIN

On September 24, 1917, the stork paid a second visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. G. Wilkin. After many consultations, the newcomer was named Laura.

Laura's first knowledge of school life was gained at Keg Lane School, where she spent a few months. She moved with her family to Paris and enrolled in the Paris Public School. She passed her Entrance in 1930, winning the Second Penman Scholarship.

The next five years of her school life were spent within the portals of Paris High School. Here her natural ability along Literary and Athletic lines rapidly developed. In 1933 she was Intermediate Girls' champion on Field Day. But her greatest achievements were in the Literary field. In 1933 she captured the Mrs. Spooner prize for the best poem of the year.

She held many positions in the Literary Society, and was elected President for the Spring term of 1935. She was also Editor-in-chief of last year's Year Book. In 1935 she completed her Junior Matriculation and nine Honour Matriculation papers. She obtained the highest marks in Latin and French and won the Latin Scholarship donated by Dr. G. W. Bell and the French Scholarship donated by the late Mr. George E. Taylor.

Laura is now attending University of Toronto, taking an Arts Course, where we wish her the best of luck in her chosen profession.

J. E. C.

Commercial Graduates

VERNA MONA BASSETT

A beautiful and happy girl.
With steps as light as summer air.
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl.
Shadowed by many a careless curl.
Of unconfined and flowing hair.

Verna, the youngest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Sturgess Bassett, was born in Trenton on November 5th, 1918. At the age of six she entered the Trenton Public School, passed her Entrance in 1931, and attended the High School there for one year. The family then decided to move to the pretty town of Paris. Here Verna attended the High School for three years, graduating from the Commercial Form.

Verna, while attending the High School, won many a friend by her kind and happy disposition. She was always ready to enter into all the school sports, which she played with considerable skill.

She is at present remaining at home, and we all wish her every success in whatever she undertakes.

D.S.S.

DAVID WILLIAM CAVAN

David William Cavan was born December 6, 1919, at Oak Bank Farm, near Paris. At the age of five, he commenced his education at South Ward School. Having acquired all the knowledge this institution could bestow upon him, at the age of seven years, he entered Queen's Ward School and remained there for four years. After a year of study at King's Ward he graduated to Paris High School in 1932. During the three years here his kind and thoughtful disposition quickly captivated the hearts of all who knew him. In all school activities he displayed a keen interest.

He graduated with a Commercial Diploma in 1935.

R. G. C.

ROBERT GORDON CRUICKSHANK

Robert Gordon Cruickshank was born July 31, 1919, near Paris. At the age of six, he commenced his education at the Stone School. After seven years of hard study he passed his Entrance to Paris High School in 1932.

After a successful year spent in Form IB, he decided to make his debut in the Commercial Form. He took a decided interest in this work and graduated with a Commercial Diploma in 1935.

During the three years he spent at P. H. S., Gordon played an active part in sports and took much interest in Literary work.

At present he is returning to P. H. S. and everyone who attended school with him wishes him every success in his business career and in all his undertakings throughout life.

D. W. C.

DORRIEN SMITH SUTHERLAND

"Always smiling and cheerful,
To everyone a friend."

Dorrien, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Sutherland, was born four miles north of Paris on Jan. 14th, 1915. Her early childhood was

1932
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1932
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spent happily on her father's farm, where in her spare time she engaged herself in feeding the chickens and driving the cows.

Dorrien attended the Maus Public School from which she passed in 1929 with good results. P.H.S. then welcomed her as a pupil. She attended High School faithfully for six years, graduating with an honour Commercial Diploma.

Dorrien is at home on the farm at present and we wish her every success in the future.

V.M.B.

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OLIVE ROSINA TATE

On the morning of December 22, 1918, the stork paid a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tate, with a little ray of sunshine. She was given the name of Olive Rosina.

When she reached the tender age of five, she attended South Ward School and later Central; passing her Entrance in 1931. For four years, she graced the halls of P. H. S., endearing herself to everyone by her cheerful personality.

Olive is at present working at Penmans No. 1 Office. We wish her every success in the future.

J. M. T.

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MARY LOUISE VEIGEL

Quite a disturbance was created in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Veigel upon the arrival of their daughter Mary Louise, who first saw the light of day on April 24, 1917.

During the pre-school age childish mischief took up most of her spare time. Her mother, unable to stand the nervous strain caused by Mary's antics, sent her off to Central School, Paris, at the age of six years. In 1930 she was successful in passing her Entrance.

After taking two years' General Course at P. H. S., Mary decided to become a successful business woman by joining the Commercial Class, from which she graduated this June.

Mary is now working at Penmans General Office, and we would take this opportunity of wishing her every success.

W. G. W.

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WINNIFRED GRACE WILSON

Winnifred, or Winnie as she is usually known, came into this cruel world on February 19th, 1917, at Banfield Street, Paris.

For six years, this dark-eyed little lady disturbed her mother's peace of mind, and then set out to investigate the meaning of that mysterious word "Education". In short, she entered Paris Public School, from whence she graduated in 1930.

Then came good old Paris High School. Winnie took two years General Course, and then decided to turn her talents toward a business education. She completed her Commercial Course this June, winning an honour diploma.

Winnie is now at home, and we wish her every success in her future life.

M. L. V.

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1918
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Honour Matriculation

Scholarships

English Composition and Literature—(Donated by Miss Helen Smith) Glenn Taylor.

Modern History—(Donated by the Prince of Wales Chapter, I.O.D.E.) Elsie Black.

Mathematics—(Donated by Mr. Charles H. Baird) Harland Kempthorne.

Latin—(Donated by Dr. G. W. Bell in memory of his father, Dr. W. N. Bell) Laura Wilkin.

French—(Donated by the late Mr. George E. Taylor) Laura Wilkin.

Non Graduates

Of the Middle and Upper School who left during 1935.

Form III:

Ruth Bosworth—Six Middle School papers. At home, Paris.

Marguerite Hendra—Two Middle School papers. At home, Canning.

Ida Luck—Six Middle School papers. Attending Brantford C.I.

Frances McCrow—Six Middle School papers. At home, west of Paris.

Carmen Miller—One Middle School paper. At Timmons, Ont.

Burt Moore—Three Middle School papers. At home, Paris.

John Moran—With E. E. Sayles, Paris Station.

William Padden—At home, Paris.

Lorne Ridley—Office of Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine, Paris.

Form IV:

Esther Cameron—Three Middle School papers. At home, Paris.

Jean Sutherland—Middle and Upper School English. At her home, Copetown. Attending Dundas High School.

Form V:

Leslie Cohn—In his one year at P.H.S. Leslie passed three M.S. and five U.S. papers with high standing. He is continuing his studies at Woodstock C.I. as he was unable to obtain transportation from Drumbo to Paris.

McBeth Murray—At home, Drumbo.

Commencement

On Friday evening, Nov. 29, 1935, the annual commencement exercises were held in the gymnasium of the Paris High School. It was no longer the everyday gymnasium that we all know, but a theatre filled to capacity with an expectant crowd, the flags of many nations decorating the walls, and the stage curtains open, revealing a comfortable living room. This, then, was the scene of the one occasion of the year when parents, friends, teachers, the Board of Education and students unite to do honour to the graduates of the school.

Mr. Butcher, as chairman, welcomed the guests and called upon Mr. Telfer, chairman of the Board of Education, to present the prizes and medals.

Mr. Telfer spoke of his interest in the graduates and students, and of the pride which he has always taken in helping the school. He distributed the following athletic medals: Junior Girls'—Frances Inksater; Intermediate Girls'—Barbara Thomson by reversion from Doris Shannon; and Senior Girls'—Marjorie Gilies and Barbara Telfer (tied). Junior Boys'—William Burt; Intermediate Boys'—Harold Stewart; Senior Boys'—Jack Martin, Keith Miller and George Hunter (tied), by reversion from Donald Hickson.

The special prizes donated by the staff for the best short stories and poems were awarded as follows: Poetry—Ruth Gilbert and Mary Britton; Senior Short Story—Ruth Durham and William McCrow; Junior Short Story—Walter Williams and Joyce Graham.

An amusing three part chorus, "The Dumb Wife", was sung by nine of the girls of the school. Great credit is due Mr. Smale for the careful choice and excellent training of those voices which blended so well. The names of the girls are: Muriel Bentley, Rita Bradley, Lucy Grulke, Mary Mogan, Marie Moriarity, Teresa Murphy, Margaret Nash, Joyce Priest, Patricia Tomlinson and Barbara Telfer, pianist.

Colonel Monteith, chairman of the Management Committee, was then asked to present the diplomas to the graduates. He explained, for the benefit of the audience, the function of the Board of Education, the manner in which the members are elected, and their efforts to act in the best interest of the public in the carrying out of their duties.

He complimented the citizens of Paris on the very excellent report which Inspector Hoag had given to the Board during his visit to the school. Mr. Hoag laid particular stress on the very fine spirit of co-operation which exists between the teachers and students. He commented on the excellent qualifications of the teachers chosen by the Board, and the absence of breakages in the school, due in large part to the home training of the pupil. Colonel Monteith then presented commercial diplomas to the largest class which has graduated from the school in some years and graduation diplomas to the senior graduates. To the unusually large number of graduates present, he extended the best wishes of the Board of Educa-

tion for future success.

Mr. Butcher in announcing the presentation of scholarships, thanked the donors and expressed his regret that Mr. Taylor had not lived to see his gift presented. The Helen Dickson Scholarship was presented by the doner, the I.O.D.E. Scholarship by Mrs. E. O. Apps, and the others by the principal. *For list of scholarships and winners see page fourteen.

Adam Miller delivered the valedictorian's address. On behalf of his fellow graduates, he spoke of his gratitude to the teachers of the school, and bade farewell to the remaining students. He made mention of the happy years of high school life with all the struggles for knowledge, the opportunity to develop personality and character, the friendships made, and the personal relations of the staff and students, all working for the good of the school. To those who remain he handed over the duty of carrying on the tradition of honour and good sportsmanship. In conclusion, he said that the graduates will remain in spirit members of the school. It was a worthy and well expressed address.

The high light of the program was a three-act comedy "Green Stockings." In introducing the play, Mr. Butcher thanked Miss McKenzie, who trained the cast, Mr. Robinson, the Tait Optical Co., Mr. Coates, Mr. Cummings and all those who in numerous ways helped to make the play a success. The play was extremely well done, and it would be most difficult to chose a "star" from a cast of "all-stars". The costumes and setting were all that could be desired, and the interpretation of the roles was most clever. The list of characters was as follows: Colonei Smith, Alex Barron; Wm. Farrady, Wm. McCrow; Celia, the unmarriedable, Phyllis, the youngest, Evelyn, (Lady Trenchard), Madge (Mrs. Rockingham), daughters of Wm. Farrady, Elleene Munroe, Elsie Black, Ruth Gilbert, Grace Dennis; Mrs. Chisholm Farrady, of Chicago, Aunt Ida, Ruth Durham; Robert Tarver, Douglas Moss; Jimmy Raleigh, Jack Wilkin; Henry Steel, Emory Knill; Admiral Grice, James Elson; Martin, the butler, Donald Hickson. The applause of the audience was proof of the success of the play. Between acts, Norman Seip, accompanied at the piano by Donald Simmons, played several violin selections.

The Commencement closed with singing of the National Anthem.

While the audience dismissed, the graduates, actors and ushers entered Second Form, which was transformed from a classroom into a reception hall. Mauve, chrysanthemums, yellow candles, ferns and gleaming silver made an attractive background for the guests at the reception given by the staff. Coffee, sandwiches and cakes disappeared with marvellous rapidity, while old acquaintances were renewed, plans for the future discussed and present occupations announced.

The friendly, happy atmosphere of the re-union will remain long in the minds and hearts of those who were fortunate enough to be present. I am sure that the graduates of 1935 are convinced that theirs was the best Commencement of all.

Dorothy B. Rae, B.A.



DAVID CAVAN



WINNIE WILSON



OLIVE TATE



GORDON CRUICKSHANK



DORRIEN SUTHERLAND



MARY VEIGEL



VERNA BASSETT

— COMMERCIAL GRADUATES —



WM STOCKTON



KEITH BROWN



JACK WILKIN



DONALD HICKSON



KENNETH CUMMING



RUTH GILBERT



GLENN TAYLOR



HAZEL FOLSETTER



NORMAN SEIP



GRACE DENNIS



BILL McCROW



JEAN TAYLOR

— YEAR BOOK COMMITTEES —

Valedictory

It is with great pleasure that I address you to-night as Valedictorian of the 1935 Graduating Class. I welcome this opportunity to meet again the members of our class, to express on their behalf our gratitude to the teachers, and to say farewell to those whose good fortune it is to remain in such congenial surroundings.

It is difficult to express our feelings on leaving school. We are elated at having reached this goal for which we have worked, and yet we are reluctant to leave the classes and associations which have formed such a large and intimate part of our life.

As we review our school life, it is the pleasant memories which stand out most clearly. Perhaps "distance lends enchantment", for the hours of work and study and the examinations and struggles with our pet subjects seem remote, while the Literary meetings, the oratory contests and debates, the basketball games and the field days stand out vividly in our memory. Our first two years passed slowly and we wondered if we should ever reach Fifth Form, but how quickly the last two years have slipped by until now we are leaving the school. As we again stand on the threshold of a new stage in our life, we see what a kindly sheltered existence the school offered, and how heedlessly we took it for granted, and we feel real regret at leaving.

In those first years, it seemed incredible that we should ever advance so far as to master the intricacies of Upper School subjects, yet difficulties dissolved before our labours, and with the foundation laid in the earlier years, those subjects did not seem so difficult as we had imagined. What had appeared as advanced knowledge we can now regard as simply a start, a basis for our advance into the realms of learning. And so we always find it—the more we learn, the greater the field it opens to us to learn more, and to improve ourselves.

What truer or better help could we have than the motto which graces our own school crest, "Labor Omnia Vincit"—Work Overcomes All Difficulties." We found its value and truth as we proceeded through school; if we learned it well, we unconsciously use it now; and throughout our life, we must realize it is the real basis of all advancement we may make.

Our years here did more than offer us knowledge. They offered wonderful opportunities to develop a personality; and the watch-word of the school "You are on your honor," must indeed have helped strengthen our character. But best of all, we were able to meet new friends, and continue with old friends, in friendships of warm, true loyalty, which often helped us more than any other influence, and which we shall always treasure.

The students of this school are very fortunate in the personal direction they receive from the staff. They are always willing and ready to help, and for their kindly interest we are very grateful. Such close co-operation brings a strong friendship between teacher and pupil, and an ability to work together in the best interests of the school.

To you who remain, we hand over the responsibility of upholding the honour and traditions of the school. Remember it is not enough simply to win; you must preserve that true British spirit of sportsmanship, and play the game. In years to come we shall follow with interest your exploits, and rejoice in your triumphs both as scholars and as sportsmen. We hope you will not forget us, for we should like to remain in spirit, at least, members of the school.

Adam Miller.

Prophecy of 1935 Graduating Class

A prophecy is not a thing to be taken lightly. The so-called hidden future no longer confines us to the narrow limits of the present day. Perhaps even now you could give a perfectly accurate outline of the next five years of your life. For after all, one's future depends on oneself and one, two, or three forces which, in certain instances, change the course of human life. The possibility that one of these forces, death for instance, will affect the course of anyone's individual life, has been determined so closely as to be almost a certainty. Indeed, one's future may be considered as one of the most secure things of life.

The following items which appeared in "To-morrow's Daily" may not be absolutely correct, but in any case, they may interest you. The first name to draw my attention was that of Edgar Nash. Edgar was appointed head of the National Bureau of Etiquette at Ottawa. He is a recognized authority on this subject and works in conjunction with the Royal Advisers of London, England. Norman Seip achieved a glorious success. His symphonies were such an outstanding departure from anything previous to them that it is said they stand alone in the realm of music. Another member of our class who excited great interest among the general public is Harold Kennedy. Harold was elected to represent the constituency of Brant in the Provincial Legislature. He was a supporter of the extreme left-wing movement which advocated the restoration of private fortunes. Laura Wilkin leads an exciting life as a classical interpreter for numerous archaeological surveys. Her sister Helen was the founder of the Society of the Northern Light, a band of nurses who served the Canadian North. Jesse Jasper became a veterinary surgeon. While experimenting with various remedies for mange, he discovered a permanent cure for baldness. The properties of this medicine were so powerful that natural hair-growth could be accelerated greatly by a small application. The corrupt use of this remedy by barbers became so prevalent that the Government was forced to pass a law which forbade anyone but a doctor prescribing its use. It is also interesting to note that the discussion arising from this discovery was one of the deciding factors which brought about the complete control of medicine by the state. Hazel Pelton and Evelyn Roberts took up landscape gardening and set up a studio in Galt. It is said that their property in Galt is one of the beauty spots of Ontario. Ernest Apps, after graduating from Toronto University, became chief engineer in the construction of the great Roebuck dam in Northern Ontario. Craig Sowden and Alex McLaren were the only two members of the class to take up farming. They were successful and the names of "Sowden" and "McLaren" are familiar to every dairy farmer in Ontario. Elsie Black and Nellie Haines entered the teaching profession. Elsie conducted a private French School in London, while Nellie became head of the Latin department at Malvern Collegiate, Toronto. Jack Taylor became President of the Canadian Athletic Association. It was he who inaugurated the National Sports Festival which is held each year. Isabel Hunt took up newspaper work and became very prominent as a reporter. Hazel Folsetter graduated from Western University and took a position as critic in a London publishing house. Later she was made president of the Ontario Library Board, and became

prominent in the organization of rural youth movements throughout the Province. Harland Kempthorne and Dick Murray became boat-builders, and in due time, their enterprise reached great proportions. They had the honour of winning the Harmsworth trophy by piloting their own boat "Richard V" to victory over Gar Wood's "Miss America XV". Adam Miller and Leslie Cohn practised law together for many years in Brantford. Adam became well-known, not only as a clever lawyer, but also as the owner of a kennel of English racing dogs. Both Adam and Leslie have retired from the practice of law, and devote all their time to their dogs. They are familiar figures on every prominent dog track in America.

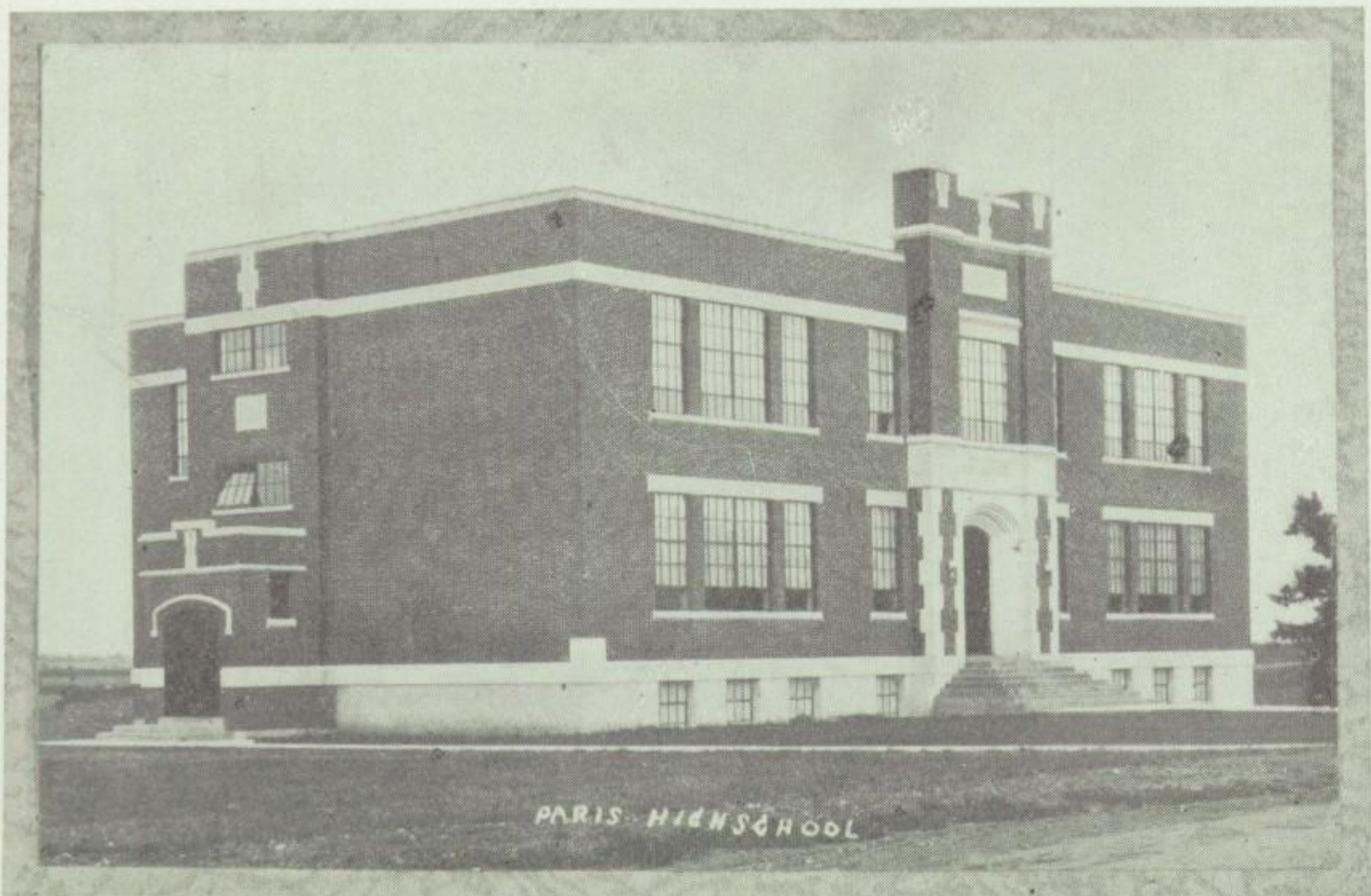
The story is not complete. Here and there parts have been left out. In other places I have wilfully erred from the true course. It is beyond my province to disclose everything. Something must remain to hold your interest, so that even when the passing years verify these prophecies, you, looking back, will smile and say, "Pshaw, it is only a coincidence."

Robert Cowan, Prophet.

My Desire

I want to be the kind of kid
Teacher wants me to be,
A "kid" with lots of work to do,
And be a pet "oh gee".
I do not want a real high mark;
I do not look for praise;
I do not covet school-wide fame
Nor real long holidays.
I want to be a little help
And show some "grit" in me;
I want to be the kind of kid
That teacher wants me to be.

Carrie Steinhoff.



Poets' Corner

Music

First Prize, Poetry Contest.

'Tis the voice of God's love, this endless melody,
That rings from age to age unceasingly,
And making bright the darkest, dullest day,
With notes of ecstasy, along the way.
With joy, our little feathered friends we hear
Unite in praise to One, their Maker, dear;
To every breath the forest bends in time,
And to the whistling wind the boughs incline.
Music, we see in the river's bright flow,
And the brooks ripple a tune as they onward go;
The trickling rain-drops do sing as they fall,
And earth re-echoes the chorus of all.
Who does not hear it in the ocean wave,
When mighty its roar resounds from cave to cave,
When tossed and rolled by a wild, fierce storm,
Or lulled to rest on a warm summer's morn?
The strains of music greet the blushing bride,
And call the handsome bridegroom to her side.
The song of war delights the savage ear,
And stirs the heart to kill, and not to fear.
Upon the grassy hill the shepherd sings
A song that moves the hearts of slaves or kings.
With notes more divine the harper of old,
In the maiden's ear whispered dreams of gold.
Can't you hear it in the air? just everywhere,
In every act, in every scene we fare,
Sweet tunes, gay trills to soften and unchain
Our souls from evil and dishonest gain.

Ruth Gilbert.

Spring

Second Prize, Poetry Contest

When spring comes tripping over the hills,
Bringing the lilting birds to the swaying trees
And sweet soft winds from the rippling rills,
Then an infinite glamour the whole world fills.
And the morning comes wrapped in silvery mist,
Hiding the fields in a robe of dew,
Draping the trees; and the grasses, dew-kissed,
Peep out at the sunbeams dancing through.
Pale hepaticas push through the earth,
Willow buds open in green lacy plumes,
The streamlets prattle aloud in their mirth,
Telling the world that the spring has come.

Mary Britton.



Literary Society

Executive of Spring Term

President	Laura Wilkin
First Vice-President	Keith Brown
Second Vice-President	Lucile Kitchen
Secretary	Douglas Moss
Treasurer	Elleene Munroe
Critic	Vera Bradley
Prophet	Robert Cowan
Poetess	Ruth Gilbert
Marshall	William McCrow

Executive of Fall Term

President	Elleene Munroe
First Vice-President	Keith Brown
Second Vice-President	Jean Taylor
Third Vice-President	Doris Tucker
Secretary	Elsie Black
Treasurer	Douglas Moss
Critic	Norman Seip
Prophet	Glenn Taylor
Poetess	Ruth Gilbert
Marshall	William McCrow

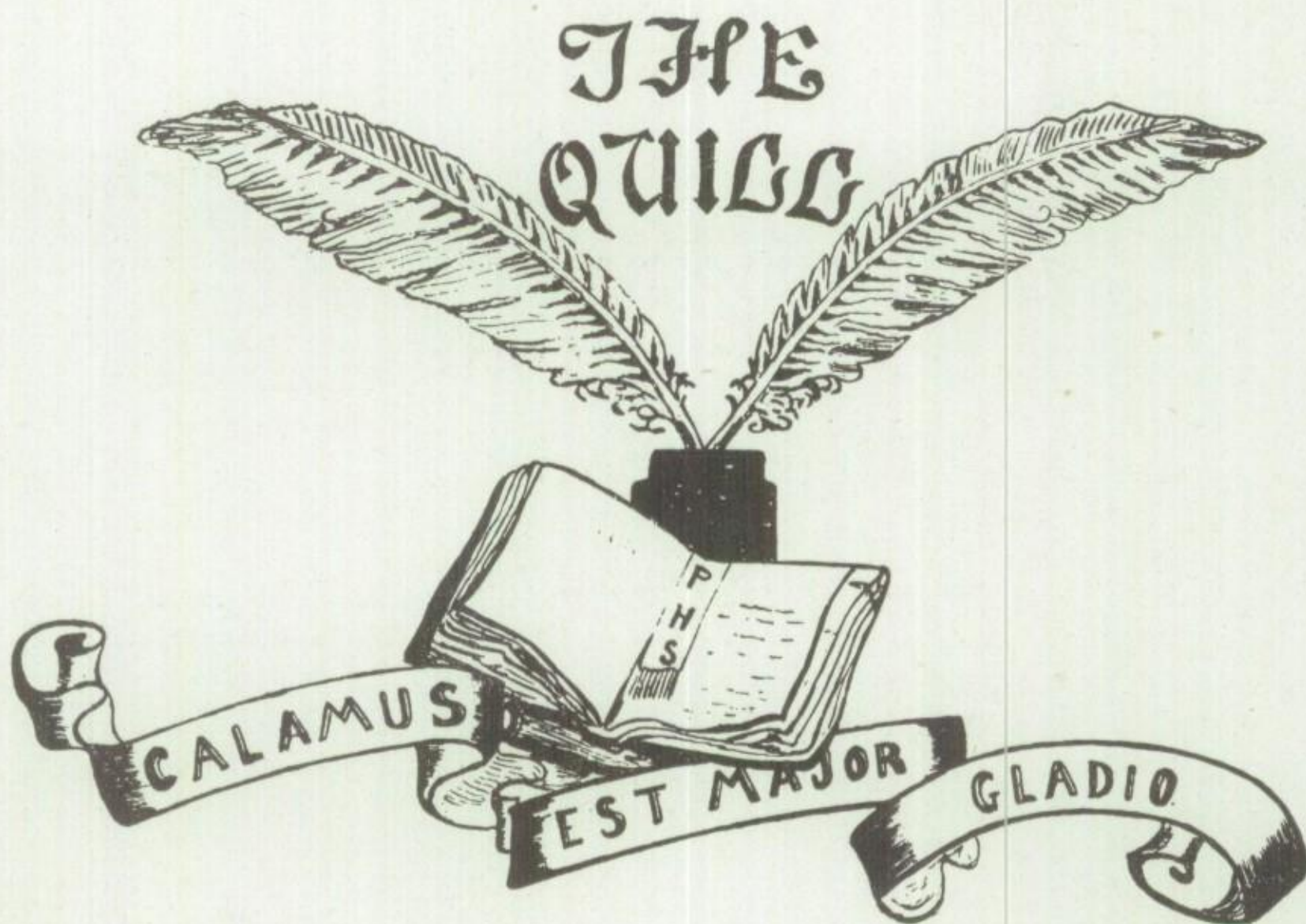
The Literary Society of the Paris High School is an organization of which we are all justly proud. Attended and directed by the student body alone, this society sponsors all the various social events of the school. The Field Day Dance, Commencement, the At Home, and the famed "Senior Prom" are all under their management.

The executive is elected twice yearly by the pupils, and the meetings are held in school hours. The programs, presented by each form in turn, offer varied and diverse entertainment. Radio sketches, dramas, musical numbers, and dances, exhibit the versatile genius of P. H. S.

The Quill, our school paper, is the funny bone of P. H. S., and during its reading, great is the apprehension of each member, lest his name should be mentioned in connection with some misdeed.

This, then, is the P.H.S. Literary Society, the centre of wit and wisdom, the axis on which the school revolves as a social institution.

Elsie J. Black.



Staff of Fall Term, 1935

Editor-in-Chief	Jack Brown
Assistant Editor	Glenn Taylor
Current Events	Donald Hickson
Fashions and Society	Hazel Folsetter
Boys' Sports	George Hunter
Girls' Sports	Elleene Munroe
Wit and Humour	William McCrow

Form Reporters

Form V	William Rutherford
Form IV	Keith Brown
Form III	Arthur Barrowcliffe
Form II	Jack Martin
Senior Commercial	Winnifred Wilson
Junior Commercial and IC	Alfred Gibbons
Form IB	Nellie Campbell
Form IA	David Moss

Staff of Spring Term, 1935

Editor-in-Chief	Edgar Nash
Assistant Editor	Glenn Taylor
Current Events	Alex. Barron
Fashions and Society	Ruth Durham
Boys' Sports	Harold Eby
Girls' Sports	Mary Britton
Wit and Humour	Jack Cunningham

Form Reporters

Form V	Hazel Folsetter
Form IV	Jack Brown
Form III	Carmen Miller
Form IIA	Evelyn Cassady
Form IIB	David Broomfield
Senior Commercial	Jean Taylor
Junior Commercial and IC	Evelyn Dickert
Form IB	Charles Elson
Form IA	Mary Mogan

The Quill is a source of great interest and much amusement at every Literary meeting. The popularity of this active organ is illustrated by the fact that the student body have been known, upon numerous occasions, to vote to remain a few minutes after four o'clock that the reading of an edition might be completed.

The following are a number of interesting extracts from the bountiful pages of The Quill.

Editorial, Nov. 15.

"It is really a little harder than most of you realize to hit upon a new idea for an editorial. It is practically impossible to discuss in this column the usual class-room events; anyway, that is all taken care of in the form reports. Ye editor is supposed to be a cryptic individual, much too busy to crack a joke. Besides the humour section makes that it's business. As far as worldly news goes, the daily papers are full of world events, and a mere repetition of these facts becomes as tiresome to you, no doubt, as they do to the editor. And once again that belongs to another department, so here I am with nothing to write about."

Wit and Humour, Oct. 4.

"A prominent Fifth Former has formulated a plan for the prevention of war and bettering of world conditions. It is called his E.P.U.I.T.O.B. Plan, i.e. his Emergency Plan Until I Think of a Better Plan. The inventor says, quote: 'There are three things necessary to run a war, first—Money, second—Money, and third—Money. Therefore, banish all money and end all wars.'"

A few things we can't imagine are:

- (1) A well-known Fifth-Former speaking from a Liberal platform.
- (2) The majority of Lower School students and some Middle and Uper School students not talking during a Literary Programme.
- (3) The end of a Literary meeting when the Lower School students didn't rush the door and push the marshall merrily out before them.

Boys' Sports, October 4.

At last Rugby has gotten underway at our renowned P. H. S. The season was opened here by a terrific struggle on Wednesday afternoon between Fifth Form and a picked team from the rest of the school. Fifth ended up on the wrong end of a 7-0 score.

Vengeance is Mine

First Prize, Senior Short Story Contest

Under the blazing, relentless, equatorial sun, a band of weary, ragged prisoners of war stumbled on. Their bronzed faces were expressionless. A spirit of extreme weariness and depression hovered over all—Italian soldiers and their unfortunate Ethiopian prisoners. In the centre of the group, one dark man only, walked with a firm step, and seemed unaware of his horrible position. This man was Mjombi, follower of God, leader of men. In many countries he had been admired for his fine physique and his handsome face. Gloomily, he reflected on his fate. He, who had been educated in the best colleges of France and England and even his hated enemy, Italy, was to mingle with prisoners of low caste, untutored cowards, born by foolish women to provide cannon fodder for Italy. He, whom the Almighty One had always blessed abundantly would be one of the huge throng of ill-treated negroes.

Thus, day after day, the party struggled on. Mjombi's feet burned fiercely at every step. Unlike his comrades, he was unaccustomed to going without shoes or sandals. His feet refused to move, his spirit flagged and he fell in a quivering heap. A great whip fell again and again upon his bent back; blood dripped from his wounds upon the baked ground. Captain Bagnetto swore and Mjombi was forced to rise and stagger on.

On and on, day after day, week after week! Heat, hunger, thirst! In his madness, Mjombi cried to his God to destroy him. But a body as strong as Mjombi's could not be destroyed in a day or week by hardships. A miracle of God or violence by man alone could grant him death.

And so the days rolled on, slowly and painfully. The Italian body-guard was gradually weakened as one by one they fell by the wayside, exhausted by heat and poor food—and still Mjombi lived. His feet no longer burned—feeling had fled from his broken body. Only mad rage and desire for revenge burned in his fevered mind. The cultured negro had reverted to a primitive savage.

Finally the small company, after much wandering, came to an Italian encampment situated in the territory of the Danakil Tribe. With great relief the tired company fell into a deep, profound sleep.

In the middle of the night, a swarm of fierce, naked savages swept down silently upon the unsuspecting camp. They cut the sentries' throats, and cautiously slipped into the encampment, ruthlessly butchering those who awakened and opposed them, until they reached the black prisoners. Someone cut Mjombi's bonds. His mind could hardly grasp the situation. Freedom lay just ahead! With a gasp of incredulity he arose and followed the fleeing pack.

A general commotion arose in the camp. Someone thrust a rifle into Mjombi's hand. Captain Bagnetto gave his men hurried orders and they rushed after the black fugitives, their courageous Captain Bagnetto at their head.

Mjombi's heart was bursting—he had reached the end of his endurance. Suddenly he felt a hot point blaze through his weary back. He turned, stumbled and fell, his face upturned. Before his blurred eyes, one face stood out—that of Captain Bagnetto. With superhuman effort, he raised upon his elbow, aimed carefully and fired. Bagnetto fell, contorted by Death. Mjombi laughed triumphantly. "Vengeance is Mine" saith the Lord; and he fell into a sleep that knoweth no end.

Ruth Durham.



PHS



Form IB
Form II

Form IA
Junior Commercial and IC

Extra Fines Spatii

Second Prize, Senior Short Story Contest.

Time rolls on in its relentless course forever and forever, but the universe is constant despite physical changes. Down through the ages, men as miniature atoms in a mammoth universe have reigned supreme for a little day in their tiny realms and have passed on. Scientists, Philosophers and Mathematicians may make their great discoveries in the future, but incomparable are they all to the discovery of Delanio an Italian astronomer who will live in the beautiful city of Florence, Italy.

It shall come to pass that in the year 33,333 A.D., the moon, as scientists now predict, shall split into four parts. Let us roll away the years and all the physical changes that accompany them until the year 33,333 A.D. In the early days of August, Delanio noticed from his great observatory in the suburbs of Florence, two distinct lines across the face of the full moon, intersecting at right angles near the centre. The two lines continued to grow brighter and by means of his spectroscope he could distinguish phosphorescent light or vapour pouring from the ever-widening craters. Faint distant rumblings accompanied frequent earth tremors and a strong east wind prevailed. People became alarmed as did Delanio. He deduced that if the moon did split entirely and fly to outer space, the waters of the earth would be out of control, since the tides were governed entirely by it. By means of close observation and because of the constancy of the east wind, Delanio knew the earth was turning much faster. Here was the chance he had waited for, the possibility of reaching the moon or a part of it, man's mad desire for thousands of years.

Delanio hurriedly built a huge rocket ship of armour plate inside of which he built a bullet-shaped compartment to be cushioned against the outer one by a bath of liquid air. He loaded instruments, food supplies in the form of concentrated tablets, water, a few weapons and miscellaneous tools. That night he watched with keen interest and as the cavities became larger the earth revolved faster and terrific electrical storms were frequent. Delanio knew this condition could not last anymore than a day at most, so he crawled in through the narrow doors, closed and sealed them and waited. By means of his uriliascope he watched humans and buildings being tossed about like straws; the beautiful architecture crumpled like chalk in the grip of this strange unseen hand. Delanio's heavy concrete observatory was the last vestige of a building to remain intact. Time grew shorter between sunrise and sunset. The air became filled with particles of earth, water and debris from wrecked buildings. The light of the sun and moon could no longer penetrate to the surface of the earth.

In the course of a few hours Delanio was aroused from his sleep by a deep, crashing sound that seemed to engulf everything. His seismograph indicated violent convulsions in the very bowels of the earth. Amid an overwhelming din his rocket balanced on its turnion. A sudden, flashing increase of speed and like a shooting star the rocket left the flying earth in a tangent straight in the direction of the moon. So violent was the change of state that Delanio was thrown against the end of the cabin which jarred the electrical contact and set off the rockets. Delanio lay helplessly unconscious but Anadria, his former friend and admirer, at the University of Athens, who had hidden in the storage compartment, crept down to his

side.

"Delanio! Delanio! Are you hurt?"

"Oh! my head! Anadria! Where did you come from? Where are we? Oh yes! the moon Anadria, look at it through the uriliascope. It is thrown to the four corners of outer space but thank God we are heading directly for one part of it. Our speed is decreasing! Heaven forbid that we should stop in the space where the pull of the earth is equal to the pull of the moon. Turn on the other rocket tube, or we will float around in that space forever as a satellite. Ah! luck is with us, we are nearly through that space and are accelerating positively toward our goal." The following moments were spent in landing the rocket ship safely on the cratered surface of the moon. Delanio and Anadria quickly fastened on emergency oxygen tubes and stepped out into a new, new world to them. What a dishevelled scene they looked upon!

Piles upon piles of silvery-yellow rocks lay strewn before them, which before the great change had been beautiful slender spires, as their tapering bases indicated. Upon removal of their oxygen masks, they found the air to be quite as breathable as ours but tinged with a strong odour of phosphorous. Our two adventurers thought to explore further the surface of the moon and hand in hand they started to walk toward the huge pile of phosphorous rock that cut off their view. Their first steps proved to them that things were not as they seemed. Instead of raising their bodies a few inches at each step as was customary on the earth, they seemed to rise about three feet. They looked at each other in utter amazement. Delanio had once been a champion javelin thrower at the Olympic games held in Melbourne, Australia and knowing how far he could throw it, he thought to try it here on the moon. Upon measuring the distance, he found it to be about twenty-four times as great. "Anadria, Sir Isaac Newton was correct in his law of universal gravitation; the force of gravity here on the moon is about one twenty-fourth of the force on earth and thus this part of the moon is about one-quarter the size of the original moon. This means we have about twenty-four times the strength we had on earth."

In a few easy leaps the two gained the top of the pile of rock and peered over its edge. Here they could see a system of deep valleys guarded on each side by perpendicular cliffs of shining yellow rock and in the distance tiny animals or beings moved toward them. "Delanio! what are they? Is the moon inhabited or is it illusion"? Groups of beautiful light-complexioned beings, about one-third as large as humans formed a circle around our two adventurers. The most striking thing about them was that they had only one eye, placed in the centre of the forehead. Their mode of attire was simple but very effective. The female of the species wore neatly tailored gowns of a glistening cloth, entirely devoid of ornaments, common to the ladies of the earth. Also, facial decorations were lacking. The male wore a trim-looking linen shirt, close-fitting at the neck, short knee trousers and knee boots of a finely woven metallic substance. In short, they were simple in attire and impressed our adventurers by their naturalness. A leader stepped from their midst, bowed gallantly and began to speak in a language very foreign to Delanio and Anadria but nevertheless, rhythmic and sweet to their ears. Knowing that he was not understood, the leader motioned toward the valley and started to walk briskly in that direction.

Delanio and Anadria gazed on the most beautiful scene ever witnessed

by humans. Down in the long valley they saw a wide shining pavement with great factories and shops bordering it. On the next street running parallel were the homes of the workers and shop-keepers; square buildings with ultra-modern windows and fixtures. The next street back revealed farm lands and homes. The vegetation was profuse and well-cared for, yet up on the edge of the cliff where they stood, was an utter desert of rock, barren and bleak, where nothing grew. The whole valley bespoke a highly-educated and highly-organized world. Our adventurers followed the leader down into the valley and were soon speeding up the main boulevard in a car propelled by water. The engine converted the water into hydrogen and oxygen and derived its great power from the ignition of the two gases. They came to a stop where all the valleys seemed to converge at a point marked by a huge castle. The outside structure bespoke a keen knowledge of geometry and the inside was a sequel with its finely etched designs and beautiful pillars.

The leader took Delanio and Anadria into a beautifully furnished hall at the end of which sat the king of the Valley People. Delanio soon learned to converse freely with the young king. "My young friends are from earth." "We are." "I expected you. The last days before the great change I perceived through my fourth-dimension ray tube, young Delanio working feverishly on his rocket and by means of my inter-planetary amplifier, I could hear faintly what you planned to do."

"Your Majesty, how do you account for the great change that has taken place here on the moon?"

"Very simple Delanio. The moon was inhabited by four types of beings. We, may I say had the brains, scientific and mathematical knowledge of the whole moon. The others were divided thus: Those who were savages in one part, the warlike peoples in the second part and the radicals in the third part. Our people became discontented with their neighbours the warlike people and so the great scientist Obyl, of the Valley People, came upon a plan to cut us adrift from the rest and thus save war and destruction of our great organizations. He invented a chemical that would cut through the rock and thus separate the tribes. Obyl did not plan, however, the destruction of the earth, but it came as a consequence of the great change here. Things are very different here. Our buildings and clothing are made from a liquid derived by pumps from the interior of the moon. The liquid, Obylid, after Obyl, is treated chemically and manufactured into cloth by one treatment and into crystal stone by another. Our people eat the fruits and vegetables grown by our Agriculturalists. Thus you see how far ahead of earth we are up here. But Anadria, why did you come with Delanio to the moon and the land of the Valley People?"

"Your Majesty, I loved him and I desired to see what was beyond the bounds of space."

William F. McCrow.

A Christmas Story

Honourable Mention, Senior Short Story Contest

Christmas Eve, 1927! New York was clad in gay, festive colors of green and red. Everywhere, beaming lights and glistening streamers gave forth the merry tidings. Small, red noses pressed tight against the frosted show windows. Childish voices crying "I want this," and "I hope Santa brings me that!" Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, bachelors, spinsters, old and young entered wholeheartedly into these last minutes of Christmas shopping. Only one, upon that crowded, happy street, looked ahead with unseeing eyes and lips which did not, could not smile. She was Rosita.

How she longed to join the Christmas gaiety! How her heart yearned to be accepted by someone! She was an outcast from her own people—a Christian Jewess. No one would help her—not even the people whose religion she had embraced at the cost of her physical happiness. She hardly remembered her last, real meal. Her limbs were fast becoming numb from the icy cold of the night. How long ago it seemed since she had been warm and comfortable!

How long ago it was since she had first met the little evangelist; since she had first heard, to understand, the coming of Christ to earth! She remembered with deepest longing the stolen hours during which Christ had first revealed himself to her through His servant, May Carleton. And then, Christ had protected her from her Aunt's scolding words and encouraged her in her daily battle.

Bitter tears came to her eyes as she recalled the day that her Aunt had found the worn, New Testament and had denounced her as a "Traitor". Grimly her father had pleaded with her to forget this new religion and had given her the choice of himself or "this Christ."

With steadfast resolution and firm belief in Christ, she had deserted her parental home, and gone forth into the New York night. But days had passed and weeks: gradually, her money dwindled and now, on Christmas Eve, she was penniless, starving in the midst of plenty, friendless among thousands of people—a Christian Jewess!

On and on she stumbled, not knowing where she was going or why, compelled by some strange driving force. In her head, tiny drums seemed to beat out the words, "keep going!" "keep going!" and then the deepest of darkness closed around her.

Christmas shopping crowds are curious, and soon the small, scantily-clad Jewess was completely surrounded. Only with great difficulty, did the Reverend Richard Huntley succeed in rescuing the unconscious girl from their midst.

Gaily the bells chime out their message of Christmas Cheer. Once again, New York is decked in Christmas colours, celebrating the one thousand nine hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of Christ's glorious birth. In a small, unpretentious church, a dark woman kneels in prayer. Beside her, a tall handsome young preacher stands. Together, they have scaled the ladder of happiness and found Christ awaiting them. In a low voice, the Reverend Richard Huntley spoke to his fragile wife "Let us thank God for Christ and for letting us find each other, my Rosita."

Ruth Durham.



Boys' Athletics

Honorary President	Mr. C. B. Robinson
President	George Hunter
Vice-President	Keith Brown
Secretary-Treasurer	Jack Martin

Form Representatives

Form IA	William Burt
Form IB	Ernest Thomson
Form IC	Ernest Sinclair
Junior Commercial	Francis Graham
Senior Commercial	William Elliott
Form II	Douglas Verity
Form III	Keith Miller
Form IV	Ted Roberts
Form V	Donald Hickson

Basketball was again the major sport in Paris High School in the 1934-35 season. The boys were again represented in the W.O.S.S.A. basketball league and were ably coached by Mr. Smith. The Junior boys were in a group with Ingersoll, Galt and Brantford and the Senior Boys with Galt and Brantford. Both Brantford teams emerged victorious in their groups. In case it may be of interest, the scores of the games are set down here.

Jan. 18—Junior—At Ingersoll—Paris defeated Ingersoll 23-16.

Jan. 25—Junior at Brantford—Brantford defeated Paris 32-27.

Senior at Brantford—Brantford tied Paris 20-20.

Feb. 1—Junior at Paris—Paris defeated Galt 28-20.

Senior at Paris—Paris defeated Galt 32-26 in overtime.

Feb. 8—Junior at Paris—Paris defeated Ingersoll 26-16.

Feb. 15—Junior at Paris—Brantford defeated Paris 29-15.

Senior at Paris—Brantford defeated Paris 27-16.

Feb. 22—Junior at Galt—Galt defeated Paris 28-26.

Senior at Galt—Galt defeated Paris 24-19.

As per usual, the Mighty Vth again showed its annual supremacy in volleyball over picked teams from the rest of the school.

On May 6, Donald Hickson, George Hunter, Jack Martin and Keith Miller journeyed to the Waterloo College Meet and brought home with them a first in the half-mile, a second in the running broad jump and a third in the relay. The boys are of the opinion that it will be a cinch to go up to Waterloo this coming spring and bring back the Hainsworth Trophy to Paris. Our school intends to send to this meet a complete track team of the best girl and boy athletes in the school.

Two of our junior boys, John Kennedy and Gordon Parsons, represented P. H. S. on May 18th at the W.O.S.S.A. Athletic Meet held in London.

The boys also intend to send a track team to the W.O.S.S.A. Meet in the spring.

The Annual Track and Field Day was held on Wednesday, October 2. In the Senior Boys' events, Donald Hickson emerged as victor, but having won the Senior Championship the year before, he was ineligible for the medal and it reverted to Keith Miller, Jack Martin and George Hunter who were all tied with 13 points each. The Intermediate Championship was won by Harold Stewart and the Junior Championship by William Burt.

Rugby played an important part in the athletics of our school this fall and several inter-form games were played. There seems to be plenty of good material for rugby players, but the boys do not seem to be very enthusiastic toward the game; their enthusiasm being dampened no doubt by the absence of the proper equipment.

WINNERS AT P.H.S. FIELD DAY

Senior Boys.

100 Yard Dash—Jack Martin, Donald Hickson, Glenn Taylor.
 220 Yard Dash—Jack Martin, Glenn Taylor, John Moran.
 440 Yard Dash—Donald Hickson, John Moran, George Hunter.
 Half-Mile—Donald Hickson, John Moran.
 Mile—John Moran, Lloyd Sinclair, Milton Brooks.
 High Jump—George Hunter, Keith Holder, Keith Miller.
 Standing Broad Jump—Keith Miller, Jack Martin, Keith Holder.
 Running Broad Jump—Donald Hickson, George Hunter, Keith Miller.
 Hop, Step and Jump—Keith Miller, Norman Seip, George Hunter.
 Pole Vault—Lloyd Sinclair, William McCrow, Keith Ratcliffe.
 Shot Put—Donald Hickson, George Hunter, Keith Miller.

Intermediate Boys.

100 Yard Dash—James Cameron, Harold Stewart, John Kennedy.
 220 Yard Dash—James Cameron, Harold Stewart.
 440 Yard Dash—James Cameron, John Kennedy, Gordon Parsons.
 Half-Mile—Douglas Verity, Ernest Thompson.
 Mile—Ray Dutchburn, Stanley Dutchburn, Douglas Verity.
 High Jump—Harold Stewart, Ernest Thompson, Lloyd Richardson.
 Standing Broad Jump—Harold Stewart, Ernest Thompson, Ray Dutchburn.
 Running Broad Jump—Harold Stewart, Ernest Thompson, Ray Dutchburn.
 Hop, Step and Jump—Douglas Verity, Ray Dutchburn, Bill Cameron.
 Pole Vault—Ray Dutchburn, Douglas Verity, George Garner.
 Shot Put—Douglas Verity, James Cameron, Burleigh Crozier.

Junior Boys.

100 Yard Dash—William Burt, Greg Cocks, Howard Brooks.
 220 Yard Dash—William Burt, Greg Cocks, Howard Brooks.
 440 Yard Dash—William Burt, Greg Cocks, Jack Muir.
 High Jump—William Burt, David Tough, Greg Cocks.
 Standing Broad Jump—Howard Brooks, Greg Cocks, David Moss.
 Running Broad Jump—William Burt, Jack Muir, David Moss.
 Pole Vault—Herbert Monteith, William Mitchell, William McKibbin.
 Shot Put—Herbert Monteith, David Moss, Waldron Creedon.

Champions and Runners-up.

Senior—Donald Hickson. Awarded by reversion to George Hunter, Jack Martin and Keith Miller (tied).
 Intermediate—Harold Stewart. Runner-up Douglas Verity.
 Junior—William Burt. Runner-up Greg Cocks.
 Note: When a student wins a championship a second time, it is awarded by reversion to the next highest contestant.
 Students are allowed to compete in only five events.

Girls' Athletics

Executive for 1935-36

Honourary President	Mrs. C. W. Butcher
President	Elleene Munroe
Vice-President	Barbara Telfer
Secretary-Treasurer	Mary Jeffery

Form Representatives

Form IA	Mary McKeen
Form IB	Doris Tucker
Form II	Betty Cameron
Form IC	Jean Kennedy
Jr. Commercial	Gladys Bemrose
Sr. Commercial	Jean Taylor
Form III	Betty Kelley
Form IV	Mabel Taylor
Form V	Doris Brooks

To-day Athletics are universally recognized as being as important in the school curriculum as are mathematics and classics. Sports are very necessary for healthy bodies and clear minds.

During the warm fall days the girls enjoy exercises, baseball, running, jumping and all kinds of outdoor sport on the playground. In the cool winter months we resort to the gymnasium where basketball is played. Captains choose teams from the various forms and enjoy games of friendly rivalry. The girls also learn to do quaint folk dances. These sports are all carried on under the very capable direction of Miss Sinclair.

Field day was, as usual, very successful. True sportsmanship predominated all events. Congratulations go to Marjorie Gillies, Barbara Telfer, Barbara Thomson and Frances Inksater, our Field Day Champions. The booth, under the capable convenership of Mary Jeffery, sold real "hot" hot dogs, candy and apples, which netted very profitable returns.

And so closes another chapter of Girls' Athletics until next year.
Elleene Munroe.

WINNERS AT P.H.S. FIELD DAY

Senior Girls.

75 Yard Dash—Mary Britton, Barbara Telfer, Elsie Black.
Running Broad Jump—Marjorie Gillies, Barbara Telfer, Mary Britton.
Standing Broad Jump—Marion Wreaks, Ilene Marlett.
Baseball Target Throw—Ilene Marlett, Marjorie Gillies, Marion Wreaks.
Baseball Distance Throw—Betty Larin.
Throwing and Catching Baseball—Elleene Munroe and Elsie Black, Marjorie Gillies and Barbara Telfer, Ruby Watts and Elizabeth Maus.
Basketball Throw—Elleene Munroe, Ilene Marlett, Marion Wreaks.
High Jump—Barbara Telfer, Marjorie Gillies, Marion Wreaks.

Intermediate Girls.

60 Yard Dash—Frances Kitchen, Doris Shannon, Hazel Lowe.
Running Broad Jump—Barbara Thomson, Doris Shannon, Frances Kitchen.
Standing Broad Jump—Frances Kitchen, Gladys Schuyler, Betty Kelley.
Baseball Target Throw—Barbara Thomson, Lucy Grulke, Betty Kelley.
Baseball Distance Throw—Lucy Grulke, Marjorie Cavan, Hazel Pearson.
Throwing and Catching Baseball—Doris Shannon and Betty Kelley, Isabel Inksater and Kathleen Butcher, Hazel Pearson and Marjorie Cavan.
Basketball Throw—Barbara Thomson, Mary Parker, Lucy Grulke.
High Jump—Doris Shannon, Betty Kelley, Gladys Schuyler.

Junior Girls.

60 Yard Dash—Joyce Graham, Frances Inksater, Doris Young.
Running Broad Jump—Frances Inksater, Joyce Graham, Mary McKeen.
Standing Broad Jump—Frances Inksater, Joyce Graham, Doris Young.
Baseball Target Throw—Frances Inksater, Ethel Sinclair.
Throwing and Catching Baseball—Joyce Graham and Myra Simmons, Ethel Sinclair and Teresa Murphy, Nellie Campbell and Edith Dodds.
Basketball Throw—Ethel Sinclair, Doris Young, Myra Simmons.
High Jump—Mary McKeen, Frances Inksater.

Champions and Runners-up.

Senior—Marjorie Gillies and Barbara Telfer (tied).
Intermediate—Doris Shannon. Awarded by reversion to Barbara Thomson.
Junior—Frances Inksater. Runner-up Joyce Graham.
Inter-Form Relay Race—Form III, Form IV and V, Form II.

Senior Dance

One more enjoyable evening passes into the realm of memories, one more good time has been added to our collection of high school activities. To the first formers it will be a memory to which future ones will be compared. To the older pupils, some of whom are spending their last year at P.H.S., it will be one of the best memories of high school life. If the ghosts of other Senior Dances had been wandering around last Friday night, they would not have recognized the dance hall. When one entered the gym., one was struck with the pleasing appearance it presented. Instead of the glaring lights away up in the ceiling, floor lamps had been placed at intervals around the room while two spotlights, one at each end, were trained on the doorway. A string of many colored balloons stretched the length of the room. It was really very attractive. The committee must have worked hard, but the results achieved were well worth their efforts. At the north end, Norm. Seip's orchestra was placed on a raised platform and supplied the music for the dancing. Some of last year's graduates were back and expressed their pleasure at having been invited. A few novel numbers were held for which prizes were given. Laura Wilkin and Emory Knill were "on the spot" and won the prize but it had a catch in it because they had to give an exhibition of dancing. After a time, balloons were distributed to everyone and the dancers went around to see how many they could break. Doug. Moss and his partner Ruth Durham won this contest. About eleven o'clock, there was a short intermission and Doug. Moss dealt out punch to all and sundry. As midnight approached, the Home Waltz and the National Anthem brought to a close the most successful senior prom our school has ever held.

Editor's Note: This extract is taken from the "Paris High School News and Views" column of April 11, 1935, in the Paris Star. This column is written weekly by an anonymous student of P. H. S.



Form IV
Literary Executive

Form III
Senior Commercial

Twenty-Five Silver Years

In every corner of the world where Britons live, from London with her teeming, joyous millions to the far outposts of India and Arctic Canada, dramatic thanksgiving was held on May 6th, 1935, to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary.

Never has there been such homage paid to a monarch in the modern age as was paid to our own beloved King and Emperor, George V, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of His Majesty's accession to the throne. For weeks and weeks preceding the memorable day, visitors from every region under the sun converged on old London—Empire representatives from Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, North America, and the Islands of the Seas. Princes and Princesses of the Royal House, Continental potentates, India's Maharajahs, turbaned and jewelled, the great personages of the arts and professions, and the army, the navy and the air force in all their splendour, were present to do justice to the great occasion. Added to these were the Church and State in all their dignity, the glistening helmets of the Life Guards, and the vivid blue of the Order of the Garter, and fluttering above the whole scene was the Union Jack, the red, white and blue, the symbol of liberty, loyalty and justice.

So completely did old London give herself over to celebrating the Silver Jubilee that hundreds of thousands of people remained in the street all night in order to watch the pageantry of the Royal procession from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral. In old St. Paul's, the King and Queen knelt humbly at the feet of high ecclesiastics, who, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, raised voices in thanksgiving and praise.

Of all the moving observances of the Jubilee Day, none was more dramatic than the roll-call of the Empire that was a prelude to the King's message. "London calling the British Empire"—On May 6th, this call went out over a world-wide short-wave hook-up from the British Broadcasting Company in London, calling the Empire, calling the world. It was his Majesty's Jubilee and the world paid tribute. The program was carried off without a break; a voice from each Dominion in turn rolled out across the ether waves, paying tribute to their Monarchs. "London calling South Africa—" But South Africa was ready. A moment later General Jan Smuts stepped to the microphone, and spoke to the King, bringing warm greetings from his loyal Dominion. "London calling the Indian Empire—" His Excellency, the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, spoke India's tribute to her Emperor. And so in turn London called each Dominion, and they were ready and waiting. The smaller colonies cabled their greetings, as did scores of other countries. Almost unheard of tribes in India and Asia cabled their messages of congratulation to Britain's Emperor.

And in her turn, the Mother Country, England, voiced her greetings through her Prime Minister, J. Ramsay MacDonald. MacDonald finished, and there was a roll of drums, and the strains of the National Anthem went across a listening Empire. Then George V of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, spoke to his subjects: "At the close of this memorable day, I must speak to my people everywhere. Yet how can I express what is in my heart? I can only say to you, my very dear people, that the Queen and I thank you from the depths of our hearts for all the loyalty,

and may I say, the love with which this day and always you have surrounded us."

Not only were celebrations held in London! In every possession of the Mother Country, citizens in every walk of life, communities large and small, corporations public and private, did honour to their King and Queen by expressing their appreciation of their Majesty's devoted service to the welfare of their people.

For five and twenty silver rounded years,
Our well-beloved King has been our stay.
Has kept us free, defended us from fears,
In times of darkness, all along the way.
He feels for all his people where e'er they be,
For those at home and those across the sea.
Whatever comes, he nobly plays his part;
We have a King who has a human heart.
Beside him truly stands his stately Queen,
A source of strength, and always his right hand;
A dearer mother our Empire ne'er has seen,
A woman loved by all in every land.
Hailed by a nation's cheers, then let them be,
Till this old world, the true reward may view
That to a monarch comes, who keeps us free,
His aim, a noble aim,—peace to pursue.
Link hands around the globe, and let us sing
With thankful hearts afire, "God Save the King."

Ruth M. Gilbert.

School at Home

The annual school "At Home", which took place on March 1, was one of the most successful ever held.

The program began with the usual Surname Contest. The boys formed a line in their basement, and the girls formed one in theirs. Then they marched into the gymnasium to take partners for this contest, which consisted of questions, the answers to which were surnames of pupils of the school. Evelyn Bee and Craig Sowden, who succeeded in guessing the largest number of correct answers, won the prize.

The old game of Musical Chairs was played in a new and novel way.

The most amusing event of the evening was the Recognition Contest. A group of pupils were dressed in costumes and paraded around while the rest guessed who they were: Ernest Apps, disguised as a blind man; James Bradley, a stylish young flapper; Barbara Summerby, a Hallowe'en witch; Dean Johnston and Gordon Parsons as "Amos and Andy"; Ruth Gilbert, a charming young lady of former days; Alfred Gibbons, a tramp; Laura Wilkin, a clown; Elleene Munroe and Douglas Moss dressed as public school children sang "Schooldays"; and Edgar Nash and Jack Brown in "evening clothes" sang "Good-night Ladies." Dorothy Boyle and John Kennedy guessed the identity of all these and so won the prize.

Lunch was then served under the direction of Ruth Durham. Too soon the party broke up, another enjoyable "At Home" having passed into history.

Dorothy Schuyler.

How can Canada Contribute to World Peace ?

"The worst way to get peace is to look for it with a gun."

J. R. Clynes.

The threat of war again casts its horrible shadows over the face of the earth. Men feel powerless to avert the impending catastrophe, though frantic efforts are being made to devise means of ushering in an era of Peace. What can Canada contribute towards the cause ?

Canada's efforts, I think, must be primarily directed towards the building up a world-wide desire for peace.

History testifies that when a custom proves harmful not only to the 'masses' but to some of the upper classes as well, that custom is eventually abolished. Feudalism was an outworn system in 1789. It stood in the way of the New Industrialism. In France, many writers pointed out the evils of feudalism and led in the agitation for its abolition. As a result, public opinion was mobilized, the French rebelled, and feudalism was overthrown. The example set by the French caused the overthrow of feudalism and slavery in other countries.

War is no longer local in its effect. The Punic Wars in the time of the Ancient Romans, lasted over one year and concerned only Rome and Carthage. To-day, trouble between Italy and Ethiopia is a universal problem. Since the Great War, the world has been in a state of confusion. Trade and commerce are disorganized; factories are shut down; men are out of work; taxes are rising and the world is gripped by a depression. Millions of men are aware that war is an archaic method of settling disputes; that they gain nothing and lose everything by its employment. Can not Canada mobilize public opinion in many countries by pointing out the evils of war both to the grown-ups and to children; by setting a good example in our relationships with other countries, and thereby lead the way in overthrowing the evil custom ?

Not fearing foreign invasion, Canada can think clearly on the subject of Peace. Since the formation of the International Joint Commission in 1910 to settle disputes between Canada and the United States, there has been, between the two countries, a spirit of international good-will and co-operation almost without parallel in any part of the world. By this example, Canada is perhaps unconsciously dealing a good hand in the game of Peace. The League of Nations, established in 1919, resembles the International Joint Commission, but it consists of a world-wide interest. Because of the failure of the United States to join the League, Canada is the sole interpreter of the North American opinion in the League of Nations; for this reason she has there an influence out of proportion to her size. Canada, therefore, is well suited for leading the agitation for the abolition of war.

But if Canada is to make any worthwhile contribution, we Canadians must sincerely and ardently desire peace. We must be the kind of people who can live at peace with our own families, our neighbors and our fellow citizens. After that, we must have a spirit of good will big enough to take in the whole world. In this last particularly, to quote Herbert Hoover, "We must wage peace as we have waged war." The children of to-day, who

will be the men and women of to-morrow, must be educated as thinkers and leaders toward the shining goal of Peace. In this march, international organizations such as Scouts, and Guides should be encouraged; for through their organization, the youth of the world can receive a better understanding of each other. Will politics and religion mix? Unless they are mixed, neither can come to its best; but the one to suffer most by itself is politics. No work is more sacred than politics at its highest. If a nation has good rulers whose one aim is the best interests of all her people, it is only a matter of time until the character of the people will rise to the level of the rulers. Canadians must have a spirit of optimism, not defeatism. With the black war-clouds hovering over the Italo-Ethiopian front it is hard not to think of the 'might be's' of war; but we, the Sons and Daughters of a Great Dominion, must stand together and ban like 'obscurity' all silly chatter about the inevitability of war.

May we, as Canadians, contribute our thoughts, words and deeds towards the goal of Peace: for if our Heavenly Father can bring forth the water-lily in all its purity and infinite beauty from the muck and mire of the stagnant pool, He will surely cause Peace to rise from the depths of the world's chaos and darkness, if we Trust Him and Obey.

Verna Pottruff.



Old Fort Point, Jasper National Park, Alberta.

Photo Courtesy C.N.R.

Lower School Department Results

June 1935

FORM IA

	Br. History	Geography	Art	Botany		Br. History	Geography	Art	Botany
Norma Axton	3	c	3	2	Innes, William	3	3	c	1
Barrett, Muriel	2	3	c	2	Johnston, Dean	2	3	3	3
Bemrose, Gladys	3	3	3	2	Kennedy, Jean	c	3	c	c
Bennett, Lancelot	1	1	2	1	Lindsay, Raymond	c	3	3	c
Boyle, Dorothy	2	2	2	1	McConnell, Irma	1	2	1	1
Cameron, Betty	3	3	c	2	Martin, Evaleen	c	c	c	c
Clarkson, Russel	3	3	2	3	Maus, Douglas	1	2	c	1
Creeden, Waldron	1	2	3	1	Mitchell, William	c	c	c	3
Cruickshank, Bert	0	c	c	c	Mogan, Mary	1	1	1	1
Curtiss, Catherine	2	2	3	c	Nash, Dorothy	c	c	3	0
Dore, Kathleen	c	0	0	0	Parsons, Gordon	1	2	2	1
Frosch, Orla	c	3	2	c	Pearson, Hazel	1	1	3	1
Gibbons, Alfred	3	c	c	2	Steinhoff, Minnie	c	c	1	0
Grulke, Lucy	1	1	1	1	Townsend, Ted	3	2	c	0
Hutchinson, Lorne	2	2	3	2	Watts, Lawrence	1	3	c	2
Hutty, Verna	2	3	3	3	Wilson, Alex	1	1	3	1
					Woods, Irene	1	2	c	2

FORM IB

	Br. History	Geography		Br. History	Geography
Barber, Clarence	c	c	Layden, John	2	3
Bolinsky, Harry	0	c	Lindsay, Hazel	c	3
Bradley, James	3	c	Moriarity, Marie	0	c
Davis, William	c	c	Murphy, Teresa	c	c
Dutchburn, Stanley	c	c	Nuttall, Kenneth	c	c
Elson, Charles	2	2	Schumann, Douglas	0	3
Fysh, William	0	c	Simon, Jack	c	c
Graham, Francis	0	c	Sinclair, Ethel	2	3
Grasby, Kathleen	0	c	Stewart, Donald	0	c
Hynds, Wilfred	0	c	Thompson, Mark	3	c
			Willson, Loretta	3	2

FORM IC

Arithmetic		Arithmetic
Muriel Bentleyc		Lowe, Hazel3
Binch, Kennethc		McLauchlin, Don 3
Cameron, Jamesc		Newstead, Ken. .2
Evans, Arthurc	Grammar 2	Redfern, George 2
France, George3		Verity, Douglas .3

JUNIOR COMMERCIAL

	Arithmetic	Physiog.		Arithmetic	Physiog.
Dickert, Evelyn	c	0	Kennedy, Howard	0	3
Dutchburn, Raymond	2	1	Marlett, Ilene	3	2
Elliott, William	2	2	Peart, Leslie	c	2
Fraser, Cleo	c	2	Pond, Beth	2	p
Garner, George	2	1	Todd, Yvonne	3	3
Heenan, Ivy	c	c	Townsend, Elfreda	c	2
Kelley, Margaret	c	c	Wimmer, Dorothy	c	3
			Wise, Lloyd	2	1

FORM IIA

	Grammar	Arithmetic	Physiog.	Zoology		Grammar	Arithmetic	Physiog.	Zoology
Brooks, Audrey	1	2	1	1	Leishman, Dorothy	1	2	1	2
Butcher, Kathleen	1	1	1	1	McCormick, Harry	c	0	2	c
Cassady, Evelyn	1	1	1	1	Miller, Helen	c	0	0	0
Coates, John	2	c	3	c	Mitchell, Geoffrey	2	3	1	2
Edwards, Leroy	3	c	c	0	Muir, Betty	c	c	3	3
Gibbons, Arthur	2	2	2	0	Nash, Margaret	2	c	0	0
Granton, Rita	1	2	1	2	Perry, Jean	2	3	1	2
Gurney, Donald	0	3	c	0	Richardson, Lloyd	3	c	2	3
Hopkins, Charlie	1	3	1	0	Schuyler, Gladys	1	2	1	1
Inksater, Isobel	c	3	2	3	Schuyler, Grace	1	1	1	1
Kelley, Betty	2	3	1	2	Stewart, Harold	2	c	1	2
Kennedy, John	3	3	1	1	Taylor, Grace	p	2	p	3
Lee, George	1	3	1	2	Thomson, Barbara	1	3	2	c

FORM IIB

	Grammar	Arithmetic	Physiog.		Grammar	Arithmetic	Physiog.
Alderman, John	p	2	p	Kitchen, Frances	c	3	1
Bee, Evelyn	p	2	p	Kitchen, Lucille	c	3	2
Bosworth, Lyndon	p	2	p	Larin, Betty	2	c	2
Broomfield, David	p	3	p	MacDonald, Donald	p	3	p
Cavan, Marjorie	3	0	0	Martin, Jack	c	c	3
Coates, Beulah	p	c	1	Pottruff, Ivan	c	c	1
Corbett, Lyle	2	3	p	Ratcliffe, Keith	p	c	p
English, Marian	3	c	3	Ross, Marion	1	3	2
Gillies, Marjorie	p	c	1	Rowlett, Josephine	2	c	2
Heaney, Grace	1	2	3	Taylor, Erle	0	c	c
				Wilson, Arthur	2	c	c

OTHER FORMS

Henderson, Ethel—Arith. C.
 Jasper, Jesse—Zool. 3, Bot. C.
 Taylor, Jack—Zool. 2.
 Dennis, Grace—Arith.

Explanations:

- 1—75 per cent and over.
- 2—66 per cent to 74 per cent.
- 3—60 per cent to 65 per cent.
- C—50 per cent to 59 per cent.
- O—Failed to get 50 per cent or didn't take the subject.
- P—Passed in the subject in a former year.

A Mountie Gets His Man

First Prize, Junior Short Story Contest

A tingling shock of horror ran through the stalwart frame of Sergeant Digby.

He stood motionless in the trail. All about him was the purplish hue of the North woods twilight. His narrowed eyes were fixed upon the ridge top just ahead. There a grim spectacle stood out in a stark silhouette against the darkening sky.

At the brow of the ridge was the lightning-shattered trunk of what was once a mighty spruce. Near its jagged top a broken branch projected—a long branch, like a dark skeleton finger. From the tip of that lone branch, swaying gently to and fro in the evening breeze, hung the lifeless body of a man. No sound, except the soft whispering of branches and the faint, ghostly creaking of taut rope on the skeleton branch, broke the eternal stillness of the woods.

Warily, alert for any emergency, he began to ascend the remaining slant of the ridge. As he drew nearer to the ghastly spectacle, near enough to distinguish the colour of the clothing worn by the dead man, a second shock of horror overtook Sergeant Digby—a shock that was greater than the first. The corpse was that of his greatest friend, Sergeant Carson.

Carson, his features battered almost beyond recognition, hung by the neck by a ten-foot rope. Digby quickly cut down the silent figure. A thorough examination showed that Carson had been dead before the killer had strung him up, for there was a neat, round hole in the back of his scarlet tunic. A hard lump just under the skin of the dead man's breast disclosed the bullet. With jaw set like molded iron, Sergeant Digby reached for his knife.

After extracting the bullet, he stood there, lost for the moment in deep thought. Suddenly, a bullet whizzed viciously past his head and buried itself in a nearby tree. With it came the slashing report of a rifle from somewhere in the thickets far down at the base of the ridge. Sergeant Digby hurled himself behind a convenient spruce. He smiled grimly to himself. He could tell by the report of the rifle that it was the same calibre as that which had killed Carson. Behind the large spruce, Sergeant Digby lay still as a figure cast in bronze, listening—.

Minutes passed. Full darkness took the ridge top. Utter silence blanketed the forest. No second shot came to break the heavy stillness. Nothing stirred. Evidently the hidden rifleman was playing a waiting game. He could not have been certain, in the fading light, whether or not his bullet had found its mark. It was his probable intent to allow a long interval to elapse before making any attempt to investigate the result of his shot.

Acting on that hunch, Sergeant Digby soundlessly wormed his way back across the spine of the ridge. He got to his feet and began to angle down through the black growth toward the spot from which the shot had come. Under the faint shine of high stars, he moved soundlessly as a shadow. At every step he paused to listen; thus his progress was quite slow. At the end of an hour he was nearing his objective. The sky was aglow with the moon, which was now sailing clear, bathing the crest of the murder ridge in a wash of silver, spilling ghostly radiance upon the grim spruce with the broken branch so like a skeleton finger pointing.

Suddenly nearby a twig snapped. Sergeant Digby could hear the killer coming towards him. Silently, he waited. A man passed in front of him. With a swift leap Digby was upon his quarry. The fellow uttered one startled shout as he went down beneath the Mountie's catapulting weight. In falling, the man struck his head and was dazed. Digby quickly slipped handcuffs on his wrists.

The Mountie had lived up to the traditional motto of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, "A Mountie gets his man."

Walter Williams.

1A Page

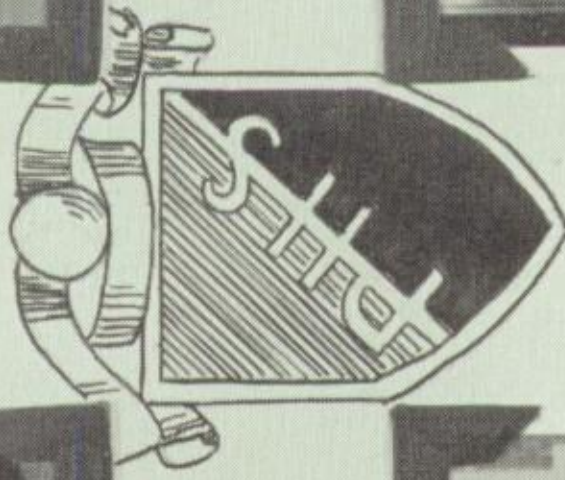
Kathleen Ames is a blue-eyed blonde,
Of whom the boys are very fond.
Violet Armstrong has wavy hair;
She and Bill Burt sure make a pair.
Marie Ballard, the new girl in our room,
With all the boys she loves to spoon.
Edith Dodds is not very tall,
But it is no drawback when she plays ball.
Joyce Graham is tall and thin,
If there's anything doing, she's sure to win.
Mildred Hamilton is very bright
Except when Algebra comes in sight
Dorothy Herriman has dark brown hair,
As a classmate she is pretty fair.
Frances Inksater is sure to blush,
If Gordon Campbell makes a fuss.
Agnes Maus, a country lass,
At answering questions she leads the class.
Dorothy McCrow is chubby and fat
And do we laugh when she's "up to bat".
Mary McKeen from the city came,
Talking in school gives her quite a name
Myra Simmons is very bright,
Especially when Jack Muir comes in sight.
Betty Wickson is great at teasing,
But greater still when it comes to "wheezing"
Eric Carter is a policeman's son,
And IA thinks "he's just the one."
Charles and Herbert, those Monteith twins,
Are sure to keep you on needles and pins.
They're always very hard to beat,
To find two better would be a feat.
Edgar's hair is so fiery red,
It looks like a fire from a beacon head.
McGregor Cocks, a Scotchman bold,
Forgets sometimes his accent to nold.
Robert Nesbitt is a cowboy fair,
He says he can ride any horse out there.
But in town it's a different say
It's exactly the same with Arnold Hey.
He says he can kick a ball a mile,
But all we do is laugh and smile.
Charles Matthias is strong and husky,
And on the track he's not at all rusty.
And now we come to Stan Cruickshank,
I know one thing—he's not a crank.
Albert Gilbert sits in the second row,
Where all good boys come from, you know.
An artist good Jack Muir, what ho:
And to no-one will his work he show
There's David Moss, a boy of great weight
Who beside Arden Miller seems indeed very great.
There's pee wee Fred, a wee bit of a boy,
Who beside David Moss seems nought but a toy.
We have Billy and Howard and also Jack,
They sure can step on the old race track.
Now take Arden Miller, he's always in "Dutch",
He never talks! Oh, no! Not much!
Johnny Veall is our basketball star.
He excels all others in playing by far.
Tommy and David and Webster Woods,
When it comes to high jumping, they sure have the
goods.
Gordon Campbell talks all the while
To Frances Inksater across the aisle.
I'm sure the whole school will join me and say
We've some pretty fine sportsmen in good old IA.



Girls' Athletic Executive
Boys' Athletic Executive



Staff of the Quill
Athletic Champions



IB NONSENSE

Name	Nick Name	Appearance	Weakness	Future Ambition
Harold Smith	Smitty	Deceiving	About a quarter to nine	To be a crooner
Ernest Thompson	Skip it	Weak	Somebody in IA	French Professeur
Alfred MacMillan	Mickey	Disappointing	Castor-oil	To be a goalie
Oliver Mowatt	Cub	Scrumptious	Hurrying	Prize fighter
Ross Knill	Rosko	Getting better	Milking	To be an athlete
Lloyd Brooks	Duckey	hashy	Asking Questions	To be a lawyer
Robert Thompson	Bob	medium	Spelling	To be a bachelor
Don Taylor	Tray	Sweetie pie	Across the aisle	To play a bugle
Bill Cameron	Willy	better left out	Sharpening pencils	Salesman
Lloyd Humphries	Humpty	freckled	Singing	Kindergarten teacher
Jack Kelly	Porky	huge	Latin	To reduce
Bill McKibbin	Mac	Napoleanic	French	Singing teacher
Harry Pilley	Whoppie	A secret	Algebra	Unknown
Fred Gill	Gilly	Hammered down	Homework	To grow up
Leonard Garner	Pooh	Sheepish	Playing a guitar	To raise ostriches
Ben Sales	Benny	Sawed off	English (9-10.45)	To be an artist

1B Girls

My good people here are we
Introducing to you good IB.
Nellie Campbell our peroxide blonde
Of any boy is not fond.
Now, Doris Tucker often goes
With Arthur to the picture shows.
Janet Dodds, a dark maid
On Gordon Cruickshank her claim has laid.
Ellenor Churchill, a pain in the neck,
Is always giving Don Taylor heck
Doris Howes, who lives near the station
I think, eats most of their food ration.
Winnie Elson, rather small,
At Geography, she beats us all.
Kathleen McDonald, best known as Biddy
Always seems a trifle giddy.
Winnie Eames, tall and dark
With Don McCormick likes to spark.
Jacqueline Hardie, a farmer's lass,
Winks at the boys in our class.
Now Betty Carter looks rather silly
When making eyes at Harry Pilley.
Kathryn Beckthold, a IB dame,
Is the girl with the funny name.
Gladys Stephens, a gal about town,
Is very fond of young Keith Brown.
Saddie Arnold in our class
Is never certain that she'll pass.
Doris England who isn't so fair,
Is always combing her pretty hair.
Jean Hynds of black is fond
But often wishes she were a blonde.
Doris Young, with long black hair,
Never seems to have a care.
Florence Morris, the IB baby,
Tries to act like a little lady.
Norma Lediet the IB blonde
But of her all boys are fond.
Dorothy Morgan, tall and slender
Has a nose that's rather tender.
Mary Parker, the sleepy head,
Picks on someone with hair bright red.
Gertrude Dean, a Sinclair fan,
Goes with Ernie when she can.
Clara Bolinsky has a nice complexion,
But to no one shows affection.
Of course the girls are all the brightest
And the boys get marks the slightest.

Remembrance Day Service

On Friday, November 8, we held our Annual Remembrance Day Service in the gymnasium of the school. After the singing of "O Canada", Rev. (Capt.) H. F. Cocks, announced the winners of the Legion Essay contest and commented briefly on the excellent work done by the pupils. Mr. Butcher then read an appropriate passage from the Scriptures.

The guest speaker at the service was Rev. Mr. Ballantyne, who chose as his subject "Courage". The undivided attention of the whole student body was given him during his very interesting talk. Mr. Butcher read the names of those former pupils of Paris High School who had given their lives in the war, and asked us to remember, in the two minutes' silence which followed, not only those whose names he had just read, but all of those who had left their homes and friends to serve their country. The service then closed with "God Save The King."

Hazel Folsetter.

Junior Commercial

A class of forty girls and boys,
 Can surely make a lot of noise.
 Muriel Bentley is a fair-haired lass,
 Who attracts attention when she laughs.
 Clarence Barber is a studious lad,
 When Grammar comes, he's very glad.
 Kathleen Grasby, with dark-brown eyes,
 Is very learned for her size.
 William Davis—we call him "Bill"—
 Talks against each teacher's will.
 Kathleen Keen is a very good pal,
 She's the kind that we call "swell."
 Stanley Dutchburn, our talker bright,
 When he starts, he's there for the night.
 Gwen Bemrose is full of fun,
 She always has her homework done.
 Harry Bolinsky can see a show,
 Just whenever he wants to go.
 Hazel Lowe keeps winking at "Bert",
 Now don't you think she's a flirt?
 Charles Elson's hair has a dandy sheen
 From the daily use of brilliantine.
 Hazel Lindsay, a love-sick lass,
 Likes to peer in a looking glass.
 Francis Graham, a bright little boy
 Can't get along without a toy.
 Teresa Murphy is a musician of fame;
 We'll soon add Professor to her name.
 Harold Rickwood is often seen
 Walking up with his fair-haired queen.
 Margaret Nash has very red cheeks,
 Because she blushes whenever she speaks.
 Lloyd Richardson is a musician born,
 Who likes to play upon his horn.
 Ethel Sinclair with smiles so gay,
 Is always singing night and day.
 "Dougie" Schumann, Miss Sinclair's delight,
 Is never looking for a fight.
 Jean Young, a friend both kind and true,
 Is a general favourite with us too.
 Keith Ratcliffe, at the front of class,
 Watches the girls as they pass.
 Arthur Shaw is a roly-poly sort,
 But all the same he's a jolly good sport.
 Loretta Willson's charming way
 Turns cloud to sunshine night and day.
 Gladys Bemrose, so full of fun,
 Keeps the girls all on the run.
 Now if you like this poem
 Do tell us, if you will,
 For I wrote it in a hurry
 Without a bit of skill.

Excerpt from Quill Editorial

Fashion and Society October 4.

The latest "craze" among the girls seems to be the "kerchief" collar or "what-have-you". These are shown in many different colours, and are certainly very becoming.

The members of the weaker sex seem to be rather undecided as to whether they will continue wearing their summer clothes or resort to the darker fall shades. By next Literary, they will probably have settled the matter and I shall concentrate on them.

Jack Brown.

Form 1C

Norma Axton—sitting in the middle of the aisle—
Is noted for her sunny smile.

Raymond Lindsay is a very good tease,
While Russel Clarkson believes in ease.

Kathleen Dore never does smile,
For she's quiet and serious all the while.

Bert Cruickshank is a shy little lad,
But when you know him, he's not too bad.

Alfred Gibbons, our Jumbo the Second,
Acts in school like Charles the Second.

Jean Kennedy whom everyone likes,
Rides often to school but never hikes.

Billy Fysh, a farmer's son,
Is very lively and full of fun.

Billy Mitchell is a very short man,
In school he talks just as much as he can.

Minnie Steinhoff comes from 1C
She's as neat as she can be.

Jack Simon with a voice so loud,
Is heard by everyone in a crowd.

Carrie Steinhoff, who is a speaker fine,
Never forgets a single line.

Patty Tomlinson, a pretty young girl,
The back of her hair is always a curl.

Mark Thompson, a fair little boy,
Always thinks that school's a joy.

Ernest Sinclair thinks it's lots of fun
To argue with anyone under the sun.

Ted Townsend's worthy of our praise;
His strength sets everyone a-daze.

Water Color Winners

The following were the prize winners in the Water Colour Competition at Paris Fall Fair, open only to students of the Lower School of Paris High School. The Principal, Mr. C. Ward Butcher, kindly donated the generous prizes.

Water Colour Posters—

1. Lancelot Bennett.
2. Alex Wilson.
3. Minnie Steinhoff.
4. Verna Hatty.

Water Colour Landscape or Seascape—

1. Jack Muir.
2. Minnie Steinhoff.
3. Russel Clarkson.
4. Gordon Parsons.

Water Colour Flowers—

1. Minnie Steinhoff.
2. Lucy Grulke.
3. Alex Wilson.
4. Verna Hatty.

FORM II NONSENCE

Name	Just Called	Appearance	Weakness	Heard To Say
James Alderman	Pest	Words fail us	Being a nuisance	Are we supposed to laugh?
Muriel Barrett	Silence	Elusive	Apple Sauce	Oh dear me!
Launcelot Bennett	Benny	Cut short	Tapioca Pudding	Ta-ra-ra-ra Boomptiay!
Dorothy Boyle	Bones	Prim	Her figure	Aw heck!
Jim Bradley	Fatty Arbuckle	Take it easy	Taking his time	Gimme a Gum Drop
Betty Cameron	Farmer	Wobbly	Barn Dances	Sissy!
Jim Cameron	Runt	Sawed off	Sunshine	Phooey to you from me!
Bill Campbell	Soup	Unspeakable	Slams	Why you—!
Marjorie Cavan	Cabbage	Graceful	Hamburgers	Land O'Goshen!
Waldron Creedon	Wally	Pugilistic	Politics	Psst!—Where's your Latin?
Burleigh Crozier	Blondie	Herculean	Potato Bugs	Please Teacher—
Leroy Edwards	Eddie	Groggy	Wisecracks	Johnnie get your gun
Arthur Evans	Artie	Flat	Flirting	You don't love me any more
George France	Corky	Kissable	Girl Guides	Utsnae ottae ouyyae
Orla Frosch	Cookie	Oblique	Albert College	Oh you miser!
Lucy Grulke	Whistler	Business like	The Parson	Wait up Kate
Lorne Hutchison	Solitude	Clerical	Piano Players	I dun' know
Verna Hutty	Sleepy	Drowsy	Frizzles	Lend me your comb
Dean Johnston	Grandpa	Handsome	His profile	Scram, you girls
John Layden	Poker-face	Fossilized	His laugh	Hee! Haw!
Jack Martin	Baby-face	Every Girl's Dream	His permanent	May I have this dance?
Don McLauchlin	Mutt	Slippery	Blondes	Wake up
Margaret Miller	Maggie	Timid	Her auburn hair	Sez you
Douglass Maus	Dougie	Getting Better	Somersaults	He doesn't say it
Harry McCormick	Spud	Rosy	Contract Bridge	How'm I doin'?
Marie Moriarity	Shrimp	Condensed	Sardines	Did we have that?
Mary Mogan	Listener	Awful (and how)	Lifeguards	Hi Ducky
Betty Muir	Talkative	Just as bad as ever	Queen's	Ditto, darling, ditto
Dorothy Nash	Dot	Meek	Dreaming	Oh! ou's a poor 'ittle fing
Kenneth Newstead	Ken (1)	Rotund	Playing Hooky	See Alex
Kenneth Nuttall	Ken (2)	Peaches and cream	Nuts	Nuts for the Nutty
Gordon Parson	The Parson	We hate to say	Stalling	Oh yeah to you
Hazel Pearson	Hazy	Sweet and Slow	Writing love stories	Hum! hum! ahem!
George Redfern	Darby	Athletic	His dash	H'ya Beautiful!
Lloyd Sinclair	Skyscraper	Elongated	Loafing	Here's your Daily Star
Douglas Verity	Bashful	Ducky	Blushing	Have it in there!
Lawrence Watts	Lorry	Mamma's own	Daffy(dils)	Hey! you guys
Walter Williams	Winchell	Not what he hopes	Parking his feet	Woe is me!
Alex Wilson	Sonny	Better left out	Sleeping	Sorry, can't be there
Arthur Wilson	Barnacle Bill	George Raftish	Rolling his eyes	Hi! Mary
Irene Woods	Tiny	Plump	Acrobatics	Oh I couldn't
				Mary Mogan, Betty Muir, Bill Campbell.

SENIOR COMMERCIAL

Name	Appearance	Age	Favourite Expression	Ambition	Known to Us As	Weakness
Doris Bateman	Empire State Building	Bagg-age	Blow me down	To be a toe dancer	Batie	Swatting flies
Agnes Billings	Not bad	Saus-age	Dag-nabit	To be serious	Haggie	Her neighbours
Helen Bone	Bony	Bug-age	Please Miss Come-ron	To be teacher's pet	Dill Pickles	Her mouth
David Cavan	Long drawn-out line	Rare-age	Crops aint what they should be	Husband of a cute farmerette	Davie	Ploughing
Gordon Cruick-Debatable shank		Marri-age	Heavens, we're out of gas	To grow up	Janet	Dodd's on all occasions
Ray Dutchburn	Hen-pecked	Band-age	I don't know a thing	To succeed	Sonny	Sarcasm plus coronets
William Elliott	Short but sweet	Cute-age	Nize Baby	To be a second Williams	Willie	Sr. Comm's blonde
George Garner	Deceiving	Short-age	I don't know the answer	To do Book-keeping	Georgie Porgie	Homework
Ilene Marlett	Shining	Man-age	That was a bright one		Marlie	Boys
Jean Taylor	Dainty	Carri-age	Oh! Cats!	To live nearer Woodstock	Hughie	At Woodstock
Yvonne Todd	Rosy	Cabb-age	So what!	To type 90 words a minute	Toddy	The piano
Elfreda Town-send	Sweet 16	Cribb-age	Oh! Boy!	To be an opera Star	Elfie	Bookkeeping
Dorothy Wim-mer	Petite	Cour-age	Hoo-ray (Dutch-burn)	To be at the top of the class	Wimpy	Shorthand
Winnie Wilson	Ducky	Fast-age	Oh! heavens	To be a bill col-lector	Billy-boy	Ford Cars
Lloyd Wise	Sunny	Sav-age	Give it to me	To shoot Tigers with Major Hoople	Wise	Shooting

Agnes Billings

Middle School Departmental Results, June 1935

FORM III

- Barber, Andrew—Lit. C, Can. H. 2, Alg. 3, Phys. 2.
 Barrowcliffe, Arthur—Lit. C, Alg. C.
 *Bosworth, Ruth—Comp. C, Lit. C, Can. H. C, Anc. H. C, Alg. 1, Phys. 2.
 *Bradley, Rita—Comp. 2, Lit. 1, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 1, Alg. 1, Phys. 1.
 *Brown, Keith—Comp. 2, Lit. 2, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 3, Alg. 2, Phys. C.
 *Cumming, Kenneth—Comp. 3, Lit. C, Can. H. C, Anc. H. 3, Alg. C, Phys. C.
 *Dennis, Grace—Alg. 3, Phys. 1.
 *Hickson, Ruth—Comp. C, Lit. 2, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 1, Alg. 2, Phys. 2.
 *Jeffery, Mary—Comp. 1, Lit. 1, Can. H. 2, Anc. H. 2, Alg. 1, Phys. C.
 Lee, Harold—Lit. C, Can. H. C, Anc. H. C, Alg. 2.
 *Lindsay, Norman—Comp. C, Lit. C, Alg. 1, Geom. 1.
 Luck, Ida—Lit. C, Alg. 1, Phys. 2, Lat. A. C, Lat. C. C.
 McCrow, Frances—Comp. C, Lit. C, Fr. C. C.
 *Maus, Elizabeth—Comp. C, Lit. 2, Can. H. 2, Anc. H. 2, Alg. 1, Phys. 3.
 Miller, Keith—Alg. 3.
 Miller, Walter—Lit. C, Can. H. 2, Alg. C, Phys. 2.
 *Mitchell, Catherine—Comp. C, Lit. 3.
 Moore, Burt—Can. H. C, Alg. 2, Phys. C.
 *Pottruff, Verna—Comp. 1, Lit. 1, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 1, Alg. 1, Phys. 1.
 *Priest, Joyce—Comp. 2, Lit. 2, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 1, Alg. 1, Phys. 2.
 *Roberts, Edward—Comp. C, Lit. 3, Can. H. C, Anc. H. C.
 *Sovereign, Louise—Comp. 2, Lit. 2, Alg. 1, Geom. 3, Phys. 2.
 Stockton, William—Comp. 3, Lit. 3, Can. H. 2, Alg. 1, Phys. 2.
 Summerby, Barbara—Alg. 3, Phys. C.
 *Taylor, Mabel—Comp. 2, Lit. 2, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 1, Alg. 1, Phys. 1.
 *Telfer, Barbara—Comp. 2, Lit. 2, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 2, Alg. C, Phys. 1.
 Thomson, Kester—Phys. C.
 Tough, Margaret—Comp. C, Lit. C, Can. H. 3, Anc. H. C.
 Watt, Ivan—Can. H. C, Alg. 3, Phys. 2.
 *Watts, Ruby—Comp. 2, Lit. 1, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 1, Alg. C, Phys. 1.
 *Wilkin, John—Comp. C, Lit. 2, Can. H. 1, Anc. H. 1, Alg. 2, Phys. 1.
 Wreaks, Marian—Lit. 2, Can. H. C, Anc. H. C, Alg. C, Phys. 3.

FORM IV

- Bemrose, Gwendolyn—Geom. C, Phys. C, Chem. 2, Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. C, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 3.
 *Bradley, Vera—Geom. C, Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. C, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
 *Brooks, Doris—Geom. C, Chem. 2, Lat. A. C, Lat. C. C, Fr. A. 3, Fr. C. C.
 Brooks, Milton—Can. H. C, Geom. 1, Chem. 2.
 *Brown, Jack—Can. H. C, Geom. C, Chem. 2, Lat. A. 1, Lat. C. 2, Fr. A. 3, Fr. C. 3.
 Elson, James—Lit. 2, Geom. 2, Chem. 2, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
 *Grigg, Fred—Geom. 2, Chem. 2, Lat. A. C, Lat. C. C, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
 Henderson, Ethel—Anc. H. C, Phys. 3, Lat. A. 3.
 *McCrow, William—Alg. 2, Geom. C, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C., German C. C.
 Murray, James—Lit. C, Chem. 1, Geom. 2, Fr. A. C.
 *Rutherford, William—Geom. 1, Chem. 1, Lat. A. 1, Lat. C. 2, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 2.
 *Schuyler, Dorothy—Geom. 1, Chem. 1, Lat. A. 1, Lat. C. 1, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 1.

- Smith, Goldie—Chem. 1, Lat. A. C, Lat. C. C., Fr. A. C, Fr. C. 3.
 *Veall, Allan—Geom. 1, Chem. 1, Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. 2, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. 1.
 *Watt, Dorothy—Geom. C, Chem. 1, Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. C, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 2.
 Wells, Hubert—Lit. C, Anc. H. C, Geom. 2, Chem. 1.

FORM V

- *Apps, Ernest—German A. 3, German C, C.
 *Barron, Alex—Fr. A. 3, Fr. C. C.
 *Black, Elsie—German A. 1, German C. 1.
 Cohn, Leslie—Can. Hist 3, Lat. A. 1, Fr. A. 2.
 *Cunningham, Jean—Phys. 2, Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. 2.
 *Durham, Ruth—German A. 2, German C. 2.
 *Gilbert, Ruth—German A. 1, German C. 2.
 *Kennedy, Mary—Geom. C, Chem. 1.
 *Maus, John—Can. H. 1.
 *Moss, Douglas—Lat. C. 2, Fr. A. 3, Fr. C. C.
 *Munroe, Elleene—Geom. 2, Phys. 2.
 Simmons, Donald—Alg. C, Fr. Comp. C.

FORM IIB

Simmons, Louise—Can. H. C.

Note: * indicates that the student passed in all Middle School papers tried.

The following students completed their Junior Matriculation standing in June 1935:

Ernest Apps, Alex Barron, Gwen Bemrose, Vera Bradley, Jack Brown, Jean Cunningham, Fred Grigg, Mary Kennedy, Will McCrow, John Maus, Douglas Moss, Elleene Munroe, William Rutherford, Dorothy Schuyler, Allan Veall.

Form III

The thirty-eight girls and boys of Third
 Make a noise that's quite absurd.

Lyn Bosworth, dressy and sweet,
 Has a bird in his throat and feathers on his feet.

Evelyn Bee, our third form sprite,
 At playing the piano is very bright.

Irene Bradley a girl sedate
 Always comes in very late.

Kathleen Butcher, an algebra star,
 As a mathematician will go far.

Evelyn Cassady, a quiet lass,
 Always stands at the head of the class.

John Coates, a handsome lad,
 Turns very red when he gets mad.

Beulah Coates, a florist's daughter,
 Does things she shouldn't ought'er.

Lyle Corbett, one of the hard-working men,
 Goes to sleep in the chicken pen

Marian English, sweet and shy
 Blushes when handsome boys go by.

Marjorie Gillies, nicknamed "Gilly",
 In school she acts very silly.



EMORY KNILL



DOROTHY WATT



DONALD HICKSON



RUTH GILBERT



ALLAN VEALL



RUTH DURHAM



DON SIMMONS



ELSIE BLACK



JACK BROWN



MARY KENNEDY



MARY BRITTON



GLENN TAYLOR



KEITH HOLDER



DORIS BROOKS



JAMES ELSON



LORNA CRAIGIE



ELLEENE MUNROE



BILL McCROW



ALEX BARRON



DOROTHY SCHYLER



ELMER YEANDLE



HAZEL FOLSETTER



BILL RUTHERFORD



JOHN MAUS



HAROLD EBY



NORMAN SEIP



DOUGLAS MOSS



ROGER GRAINGER



GEO. HUNTER

Rita Granton, a shy little miss
Never will give the boys a kiss.
Grace Heaney, slim and unique
Also charming and very sweet
Jean Perry, one of our country lasses,
At milking cows all others surpasses.
John Kennedy, a sprinter divine,
At doing homework does not shine.
George Lee, a boy from the farm,
Will not do you any harm
Keith Miller, a six foot lad,
At doing his homework is very bad.
Barbara Summerby, our farmerette gay,
Comes to school in a "one-hoss shay".
Barbara Thomson, a girl sublime,
For her we cannot find a rhyme.
Kester Thompson, "Romeo" of the form,
It was lucky for him that girls were born.
Donald MacDonald, tall and sleek,
Has a manly form and husky physique.
Isabel Inksater, pretty and neat,
With her the girls cannot compete.
Betty Kelley, an athlete of renown,
Her smiling face has never a frown.
Lucy and Frannie, the Kitchen girls,
Make the boys go round in whirls.
Betty Larin, a romantic lass,
For her the boys go in a mass.
Dorothy Leishman, graceful and tall,
Makes life pleasant for us all.
Marion Ross may look at you
With pretty eyes of heavenly blue.
Jack Rogers, a man about town,
Always acts the part of a clown.
Josephine Rowlett, shy and demure,
Flirtatious boys she cannot endure.
Louise Simmons looks swell and gay
In bright-colored dresses, different each day
Harold Stewart, a very tall boy,
Is his mother's pride and his father's joy.
Audrey Brooks, a platinum blonde,
Of the boys is very fond.
Geoffrey and Catherine, the Mitchell pair,
Have plenty of weight that they could spare.
Art Barrowcliffe, a ne'er do well,
Will surely end up in—do tell!
John Moran, a lady's man,
Likes pork and beans straight from the can.
Grace and Gladys, the Schuyler twins,
Brighten the classroom with their grins.
And so you see the class is bad
And sometimes makes the teacher mad.

John Moran, Art Barrowcliffe,
Audrey Brooks, Gladys Schuyler.

IV FORM FOOLISHNESS

Name	Age	Ambition	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Expres.
Andrew Barber	Old enough	to become a silver-tongued orator	Andy	Embarrassed	Inexpressible
Keith Brown	Ask him	To be a haberdasher	Brown	Dignified	Just be natural
Milton Brooks	First childhood	To be able to reduce	Cream Puffs	Puffed out	I give up
Rita Bradley	You would be sur-rich young widow's friend		Sweekums	Curious	I don't give a hoot!
Kenneth Cumming	Puppy love	To be a lady's man	Orla	Sheepish	Gosh, I don't know
Grace Dennis	Wont tell	To double for Grace Moore	Grass (Fr.)	Vivacious	I'm not that kind of a girl
Ruth Hickson	You should know	To heal the sick	Woof!	Warm	Gee!
Mary Jeffery	Never can tell	To control her laugh	Jeff	Boyish	O-o-o-o-o
Harold Lee	Centennarian	To win a marathon	Speed	Dreaming	The answer is
Norman Lindsay	Doesn't matter	To be a Liberal Premier	Norm.	Cute	Why ???
Elizabeth Maus	Not old enough	To remember memory work	Lizzie	Quiet	Minus
Walter Miller	Too young to rea-	To become a bone collector	Red	Washed up	Oh Cotton!
James Murray	Just two	To be an elocutionist	Jim	Schoolgirl complexion	com-I got to do my Latin
Verna Pottruff	4 score 5	To have patience to be a Latin teacher	Wermey	Worried	Don't call me that
Joyce Priest	old enough to know	To be a rich young widow	Giggles	Shrunk	Don't make me laugh
Ted Roberts	Grandpa	To be a rugby coach	Eddie	Robust	Or Something
Louise Sovereign	Sweet sixteen	To arrive early at school	Lou	Not all there	Have you your Latin done?
William Stockton	Innocent bliss	To be a crack shot	Billy Boy	Ducky	I wonder
Goldie Smith	Just growing up	To be a chorus girl	Ella Cinders	Freckles	Laws a massa
Mabel Taylor	Too young to know	President of Giggler Society	Mabelle	Stretched	Eh
Barbara Telfer	any better				
Ruby Watts	you decide we cant	To grow down	Bobs	Elongated	Who plays next?
Ivan Watt	better left out	To have naturally curly hair	Rube	Getting better	Whoops
Hubert Wells	Looks are deceiv-double for Durante		Handsome	Say it softly	Wink
Jack Wilkins	ing				
Marion Wreaks	You don't know?	To live near a tailor	Huey	Romeo	Darn
	Neither do we				
	Too young to con-	To get honours in English	Scotty	Cocky	Now! Ken
	centrate				
	It's hard to tell	To become an excellent hen-pecker	Mickey	Red Hot	At last

Upper School Departmental Results

June 1935

FORM V

- *Apps, Ernest—Lit. C, Alg. C, Geom. 1, Trig. 2, Phys. 1, Chem. 1, Fr. A. C., Fr. C. C.
- *Barron, Alex—Lit. C, Alg. 2, Geom. 2, Trig. 2, Chem. 2
- *Black, Elsie—Hist. 1, Lat. A. 1, Lat. C. 1, Fr. A. 1, Fr. C. 1.
- *Britton, Mary—Comp. C, Lit. 3, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
- *Cohn, Leslie—Comp. 3, Lit. 1, Alg. C, Geom. 1, Trig. 2.
- *Cowan, Robert—Alg. C, Geom. 1, Phys. 2, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 3.
- *Craigie, Lorna—Lit. 2, Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. C, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 2.
- Cunningham, Jean—Geom. 3.
- *Durham, Ruth—Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. 2, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 2.
- *Eby, Harold—Lit. C, Chem. 3.
- *Folsetter, Hazel—Alg. 1, Geom. 1, Trig. 1, Fr. A. 1, Fr. C. 1.
- *Gilbert, Ruth—Lat. A. 1, Lat. C. 1, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 2.
- *Haines, Nellie—Comp. C, Lit. 2, Hist. 2, Alg. 1, Trig. 1, Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. 1, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 1.
- Hickson, Donald—Comp. C, Lit. C, Alg. C, Geom. C, Trig. C, Fr. A. C.
- Holder, Keith—Comp. C, Lit. C, Hist. C, Alg. C, Geom. 3.
- *Hunt, Isabel—Alg. C, Geom. C, Trig. 2, Fr. A. 3, Fr. C. C.
- *Hunter, George—Hist. 2, Chem. C, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
- Jasper, Jesse—Alg. C, Geom. 2, Trig. 2, Phys. C, Chem. C.
- *Kempthorne, Harland—Hist. 1, Alg. 1, Geom. 1, Trig. 1, Phys. 1.
- Kennedy, Harold—Alg. 2, Geom. 2, Trig. 1, Phys. C.
- Kennedy, Mary—Lat. A. C, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
- *Knill, Emory—Comp. 2, Lit. 2, Hist. 3, Alg. 1, Geom. 1, Trig. 1.
- *Maus, John—Lit. 2, Alg. 2, Geom. 1, Trig. 2, Chem. 1, Lat. A. C, Lat. C. C.
- *Miller, Adam—Hist. 2, Alg. 1, Geom. 1, Trig. 1, Phys. 1.
- *Moss, Douglas—Hist. 1, Trig. C, Chem. 2.
- *Munroe, Elleene—Comp. C, Lit. 2, Trig. C, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
- Murray, Jeanette—Geom. 2, Trig. 1, Lat. C. C.
- *Murray, Richard—Hist. 3, Alg. 2, Trig. 1, Phys. 1.
- *McLaren, Alexander—Lit. 3, Alg. 3, Lat. A. 2, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
- *Nash, Edgar—Hist. C, Alg. C, Geom. 2, Trig. 2, Lat. A. 2, Lat. C. 2, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 2.
- Pelton, Hazel—Hist. 2, Geom. 2, Trig. C, Chem. C.
- Roberts, Evelyn—Geom. C.
- Seip, Norman—Alg. C, Geom. C, Trig. 3, Fr. A. C, Fr. C. C.
- Simmons, Donald—Lit. C, Fr. A. C.
- *Sowden, Craig—Hist. 1, Alg. 2, Geom. 2, Trig. 1, Phys. 2, Chem. 2.
- Taylor, Jack—Alg. 2, Phys. 2.
- *Taylor, Glenn—Comp. 2, Lit. 1, Lat. A. 1, Lat. C. 2, Fr. A. 2, Fr. C. 2.
- *Wilkin, Helen—Alg. C, Geom. 1, Trig. 2, Fr. A. 1, Fr. C. 1.
- *Wilkin, Laura—Alg. 1, Geom. 1, Trig. 1, Lat. A. 1, Lat. C. 1, Fr. A. 1, Fr. C. 1.

Honour Standing

- Apps, Ernest—Math. III, Phys. I, Chem I.
- Barron, Alex—Math. II, Chem. II.
- Black, Elsie—Hist. I, Lat. I, Fr. I.

Britton, Mary—English III.
 Cohn, Leslie—English II, Mathematics II.
 Cowan, Robert—Math. III, Phys. II, Fr. II.
 Craigie, Lorna—Fr. II.
 Durham, Ruth—Lat. II, Fr. II.
 Eby, Harold—Chem. III.
 Folsetter, Hazel—Math. I, Fr. I.
 Gilbert, Ruth—Lat. I, Fr. I.
 Haines, Nellie—History II, Latin I, French II.
 Hunter, George—Hist. II.
 Jasper, Jesse—Math. II.
 Kempthorne, Harland—Hist. I, Math. I, Phys. I.
 Kennedy, Harold—Math. II.
 Knill, Emory—Eng. II, Hist. III, Math. I.
 Maus, John—Math. II, Chem. I.
 Miller, Adam—Hist. II, Math. I, Phys. I.
 Moss, Douglas—Hist. I, Chem. II.
 Munroe, Elleene—Eng. III.
 Murray, Richard—Hist. III, Phys. I.
 Nash, Edgar—Math. III, Lat. II, Fr. II.
 Pelton, Hazel—Hist. II.
 Sowden, Craig—Hist. I, Math. II, Phys. II, Chem. II.
 Taylor, Jack—Phys. II.
 Taylor, Glenn—English I, Latin II, French II.
 Wilkin, Helen—Math. II, Fr. I.
 Wilkin, Laura—Math. I, Lat. I, Fr. I.

FORM IV

*Bemrose, Gwendolyn—Comp. 2, Lit. C.
 *Bradley, Vera—Comp. C, Lit. C.
 *Brooks, Doris—Comp. C, Lit. C.
 Brooks, Milton—Comp. C.
 *Brown, Jack—Comp. 2, Lit. C.
 Grigg, Fred—Comp. C.
 McCrow, William—Comp. C, Lit. 3, Chem. C.
 *Rutherford, William—Comp. 1, Lit. 2.
 *Schuyler, Dorothy—Comp. 2, Lit. 1.
 *Smith, Goldie—Comp. C.
 *Sutherland, Jean—Comp. 3, Lit. C.
 *Veall, Allan—Comp. C, Lit. C.
 *Watt, Dorothy—Comp. 2, Lit. C.
 *Wells, Hubert—Comp. C.

Honour Standing

Bemrose, Gwendolyn—Eng. III.
 Rutherford, William—Eng. II.
 Schuyler, Dorothy—Eng. II.

FORM III

*Dennis, Grace—Comp. 2, Lit. 1.

Honour Standing—Eng. 1.

Note: * indicates that the student has passed on all Upper School papers tried.

FORM V

Name	Surname	Definition	Hobby	Future	Ambition
Alex Barron	Wide open spaces	Arguments	To be mayor of Toonerville		
Elsie Black	One shade darker than brown	Homework in Maths.	Interior decorating in a brown house		
Mary Britton	One of those whom Caesar came to conquer	Riding on the train	To be world's leading lady athlete		
Doris Brooks	Babbling streams	Rolling pin throwing	To be a farmer's wife		
Jack Brown	A color lighter than black	Humour	To "blacken" things		
Lorna Craigie	The term of endearment of?	Trying to knit	We'll have to guess.		
Ruth Durham	A kind of cow (perhaps)	Perfected giggling	To give horseback riding lessons		
Harold Eby	E plus an insect	Hobby-horse	Successor to Fred Astaire		
Jim Elson	The son of (El?)	Eating Spinach	To join the navy		
Hazel Folsetter	A kind of spaniel	Talking to William	To get 300 in Maths.		
Ruth Gilbert	Breathing organs of fish plus boy's name	Rhymes	To have one good poem published		
Roger Grainger	A farmer	Drugs	To be a doctor		
Donald Hickson	Son of a—	His thoughts	To substitute for Foster Hewitt.		
Keith Holder	Cuddler	Chasing baseballs	To learn Dizzy Dean's wind-up		
George Hunter	Chasseur	Ping-pong	Another Perry		
Mary Kennedy	Scotch word for know plus Eddy	Artistry	To draw a perfect bunny		
Emory Knill	Absolutely nothing	Riding a bicycle	To be a good actor		
John Maus	German for mouse	Driving a taxi	To be a paid chauffeur		
Bill McCrow	A Scotch raven	Fords	To be an exclusive model		
Douglas Moss	Green Fuzz	Eating olives	A Mrs. D. Moss		
Elleene Munroe	Watch (whom?)	"Playing"	To be a politician's wife		
Bill Rutherford	Exhortation to "Lizzie" to hit the ruts	Blushing	To go down hill with an empty car at 4 p.m.		
Dorothy Schuyler	A star-gazer	Homework	To have a perfect Latin paper		
Norman Seip	Something that gradually soaks through	"Fiddling"	Another Cab Calloway		
Donald Simmons	Substance left after gentle boiling	Chewing gum	To teach the Hula		
Glenn Taylor	A suitor	Concentrating	To publish a novel		
Allan Veale	Calf-flesh	Questions	To know everything		
Dorothy Watt	1 joule of energy pu Sec. pu Sec.	Geometry	A professoress		
Elmer Yeandle	An exclamation used when suddenly slapped hard on the back	Thinking	Never to be a sign-board again		
			Milton Brooks, John Maus, Lorna Craigie.		



Hiram K. K. Hecklespifit, of Princeton, Replies to Si Lowdly's Letter of Last Year

Hecklespifit Homestead,
Nearly to Princeton,
November 35rd,
19 hundred and 35.

Dear Si:

Well I never Si! I was arful glad to git a letter from yi. ya know us old fogies what never sees nawthin but work and three squares a day, is always glad to hear from local boys who go to the big cities and bring home the bacon. ya sir, ya know the day was kinda rainy and as I am still a bachelor I took the day off to do a little sewin'. I was divin' into my sewin' basket to git a needle, gosh I got one all right it was in a paper, and when I crumpled up the paper, it stuck plumb into my hand. By gum I was sceared; I jumped back and lit on the old yeller tom cat which scear-ed me more. Anyway Si, the paper the needle was in was your letter. Almost forgot I got it a year ago, but I am answering it now which is better late than never.

Sakes alive Si, ya must be gettin "citified", I never heard ya complain about your red flannels itchin' before and if ya keep on ya will be just a big sissy I figure ya must be takin' too many baths. I'll bet you wash about once a month now instead of a couple of times every summer durin' hayin' and harvest like we do up here.

Speakin' of Matilde, Si, I aint been takin' her for buggy rides any more. The last time I took her for a ride, she says to me, she says "Hi, ya never talk about anything but your durned old cows and guinea hens, don't ya ever get romantik, don't ya see that beautiful moon up thar." I says "Shor, what be the matter with it." I kinda put her off like, cause I never was much for moons and romantik and stuff. We rode around for a couple of hours more, she said nothing and I said less. I tell ya, Si, the silence was "suspendous". I guess you won't know what that thar word means Si.

Gorsh Si, we have great fun on the 31st of every month or is it the 41rd. The monthly paper is sent out from some big city in North Ameri-ka. Si ya should hear the news about Mussolmini; they say he is going to take some tanks (I don't know what he has in them, probably some cider) and some air planes over to Italy. Si Pettinger was talkin' to Deacon Witherspoon the other day and said that Mussolmini was going to clean Italy's clock or something. I always thought Mussolmini was a soldier. How

times do change, he must have gone into the jewelry business.

Say Si, I had the time of my life the other night. The boys around the village had a shindig up above Hizzie Wortle's blacksmith shop. Hank Weaver and Jim Lawson was fiddling and Josh Huskin was callin' off. Everything went fine until a bunch came in from Paris High School. Si, they were dressed funny, everyone of em had on bright colored cloth around their neck called crevatties or somethin', and Si, ya should have seen their pants, the front and back of their pantlegs looked like knives. Shor must be funny people. Gorsh all the boys up here had on clean overalls up here, looked perty good too. Bill Rumbleford an old friend of mine from Paris came in with his girl, he said her name was Dot Sculler or something, shor was pretty. He pointed out Elmer Windle with Barberry Winterby, Jimmy Elton and Elsie Black or was it white, I wouldn't know Si. Then in walks a big feller, I think his name was Dougmas Loss: he was wearin' white overalls and a black jacket with one of them yaller crevattees around his neck. Bill Rumbleford told me he were a big society lion down in Paris. Say Si, between me and you, is a society lion very ferochus? Do they keep them in cages? Pretty soon in walks a high-fluting guy with a shiny high hat on, someone told me it was Baron Alexander and his girl friend Mary B-B-B-B;! By gum, there I go again, stutterin'. Now I forget her name. Aint that prevaricatin', just when ya want to remember something, ya can't for stutterin'.

Pretty soon Josh Huskin hollers, "Get your partners fer a Sarcasm circle". Well do ya know it took poor Josh about half an hour to get those young fellers and gals from Paris into their right places. As soon as Hank and Jim started to play, a little short feller, Keats Milliner and Odley Brooks put their arms around each other and started to walk madly up and down the floor. I says to him, "what ya tryin' to do". He says they was fox trottin'. Well for the life of me Si, I couldn't see no fox trotting'. Well finally Josh got the dance started and all of them started to go the wrong way at the same time. Emerydust Knill and Hazel Folse-se-se-. There I go again Si. Seems like I stutter more and more.

Anyway they started to dance fast and Emerydust ketched his toe on a knot in the floor and they both lit in my lap. I guess my face was pretty red becaus Hazel got her arm clock caught in my beard and we had to cut part of my beard off to untangle it. Every time Josh told them to balance on the corner, Harold Beby and Dot What would look stupid like and ask where the corner was. I says (kinda quick like), "I'll never tell." I guess I was too quick for them because they didn't ask me again. Donnie Simpleton, or is it Simpsons, was standing watching them dance and was chawin' gum at the rate of about five chaws per second, in fact I guess he was keepin' time to the music. I guess he was mad at me becaus I got kinda flirtie and started to wink at his girl friend. Say now Si aint she the pretty little girl. Maybe you could tell me where she lives so as I could drive Fifi down in the buggy and sorta surprise her. It be quite a way down thar, reckon I would have to start right after dinner. Gee Si! do ya think I am gittin' romantik?

Purty soon the dance broke up and those High School kids walked out to the Governor's Road and every car that passed they would hold up their thumbs and point toward Paris. Must be a new kind of game they learned at Paris. Don't know what the world is comin' to Si, sure hope you don't turn out like them.

I guess this will be all for now Si. I see Fifi is over in the pumpkin patch, eatin' some and playing football with the rest.

Yours sympathetically,

Hiram K. K. Hecklespifit.

P.S. Yer ma says ta tell yer she is sendin' more red flannels. H.K.K.H.

Rugbyitis

A month or so ago the male of the species at P.H.S. were seized with their annual attack of brain-fever. This time it concerns a game for big, strong, fire-eating warriors who aspire to the ancient and revered title of rugby players.

The all-powerful Fifth (such conceit) and the weak (?) lower forms engage in some rough and tumble massacres every time they feel the urge to imitate the Italians and Ethiopians. We hear that their (Vth's) motto is "We aim to kill" but according to all reports their chief problem is to keep from being killed.

The thrilled and awed spectators (probably six pupils) gaze in wonder at "Blow-me-down" Chasseur and "Throw-me-a-Life-saver" Eby as they scurry down the field. For the benefit of most of Vth and one or two IB pupils, chasseur is the French translation. The battle ground is called by some funny name, I think it is a gridiron, but the derivation of this word is one of their jealously guarded secrets. "Can't-knock-me-down" Hickson causes shrieks of excitement as he passes the ball to "Can't-stand-Up" Moran, who then carefully proceeds to drop it. This usually causes "Drawback" Wells, or is it quarter-back? to tear his hair and foam at the mouth. While he is thus imitating a dog with hydrophobia, "Six-footer" Gibbons slips between his legs and carries the ball to the opposite end of the "gridiron". Then everyone except the sedate Vth form boys yell like Indians holding a war-dance. Fifth, as usual, maintain their usual classroom decorum and merely whisper. Then the fun (?) begins all over again. They push, shove, scratch, bump, claw and don't at all behave like gentlemen. I think it was very rude of Milton Streams to trample all over Dean Jackston and then leer at him so ferociously. I always thought Milton was so polite, but he didn't even say "Pardonnez-moi".

Any time you notice a curious tangle of arms, legs and other various incidentals of the human anatomy strewn milieu de (French again) the gridiron (school yard to you,) it probably is the rugby team acting playful. When the pile is unscrambled, "Can't-keep-up" Moran severely announces a first down. I can't imagine what a first down is, unless he means that he fell first. I guess that must be it because he is always at the bottom. Thus by geometry, it can easily be proved that he must have fallen first. Quite simple.

But my dears, you SHOULD see their gorgeous costumes. A circus is drab compared to these warriors in battle array. Since no one colour could be agreed upon, each would-be murderer wears his own favourite shade. The effect is somewhat dazzling to say the least. Even Bill McCrow's brilliant ties fade into insignificance on the approach of these gaudy splashes of yellows, greens, purples, etc.

Really girls, aren't boys the funniest things imaginable?

A thrilled feminine spectator.

On the Air

This is Station P.H.S. broadcasting from the one and only intellectual room in the building, the home of mental superiority, the great fifth form!

The weather: Foggy, becoming somewhat clearer. Those problems simply can't penetrate.

Atmosphere: Sniff! Sniff! 'Foul! Someone open up a few windows.'

Temperature: Rising. Alex Barron still opposes free trade (emphatically).

Winds: Breezy bits of scandal continue to seep through cracks and crevices.

Fashion Shorts (Not the kind we wear in the gym): That eternal triangle seems popular again. You ought to get it on the neck now. The latest tips and the most chic angles on hats are on exhibition on the boulevard any day shortly after or before school hours. Worn heels in silk stockings may be suitably strengthened in emergency by gummed reinforcements. Runs and ladders in the legs of such articles of clothing can be quickly stopped by moistened soap. "When a stocking gets a run, it's

on it's last leg."

Fashion Notes:

The Artist should dress in Canvas.

The Gardener in Lawn.

The Dairyman in Cheesecloth.

The Editor in Print.

The Banker in Checks.

The Hunter in Duck.

The Hairdresser in Haircloth.

The Scotchman in Plaids.

The Prisoner in Stripes.

The Government Official in Red Tape.

The Architect in Blueprint.

The Minister in Broadcloth.

The Jeweller in Cotton.

The Undertaker in Crepe.

The Barber in Mohair (does he not mow hair?).

It is quite the vogue for boys to wear their ties "like streamers long and gay" after the fashion of John Gilpin's cloak. Those who don't take readily to the new style are ably assisted by their more up-to-date school-fellows. "Some people are born stylish, others acquire style, still others have it thrust upon them."

Beauty Culture:

To keep that school-girl complexion, just visit the demonstration rooms in the girls' basement any day at recess—it's absolutely free. For a really appealing, flashing smile, chew our special brand of gum a little while each period. This is usually more successful if not observed by our pedantic instructors. The following letter was received by the editor:

Dear Madam: I have a long oval face. Lately I have parted it down the middle, but people say it is not becoming. What shall I do? Worried.

Mr. Smith, anxious to know how far his teachings had penetrated, inquired of the boys how one might obtain a good posture. Elmer enthusiastically displayed his knowledge and replied: "Keep the cows off until it grows up."

"The reason that women live longer than men is that paint is a good preservative."

Wanted:

An extra half-hour's sleep in the morning—Donald Simmons.

Chocolates. Anything from a five pound box up—D. Schuyler and M. Kennedy.

One Memory: Lost on the rugby field a short while ago. Finder please return same to John Moran. Reward.

Will the party who "snitched" Norm Seip's laugh kindly return the said property immediately. We're tired of the substitute.

Can P.H.S. students solve these problems?

When can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key for a lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy,

Because there are pupils there?

What jewels are found in the crown of your head?

What crosses the bridge of your nose?

Do you use, in shingling the roof of your mouth

The nails at the end of your toes?

Can the crook of your elbow be sent to jail?

If so, what did he do?

Where can you sharpen your shoulder blades?

I'm sure I don't know do you?

Can you sit in the shade of the palm of your hand?

Or beat on the drum of your ear?

And if the calf of your leg ate the corn off your foot,

Why can't we have corn on our ear?

That's all for now but we'll be on the rare again this time next year.

Mary Britton.

In Praise of Books

Books have many and varied uses, depending somewhat on size, weight and flexibility of binding. There is no better weapon with which to miss a serenading tomcat at three o'clock in the morning, and a stout volume is ideal for propping the window open on a hot summer day if you don't mind too many flies coming in.

For wives who are not on speaking terms with huffy husbands, what is more satisfactory than a collection of sermons that one may pretend to read on a long winter evening while the "lord" lolls in an easy chair and smokes his pipe? It is, of course, advisable to hold the volume right side up and care should be taken not to cry into it. Tears have a tendency to blur fine print. Always use a hanky or a small dishpan.

As a door-stop a 500-page volume is at least as ornamental as a brick in a knitted jacket, and not so hard on the toecaps as a hunk of iron painted white. It will be quite as effective as either in keeping the door open when it should be closed and closed when it should be open.

Those who like to preserve leaves and flowers will find the pages of a book ideal for pressing purposes. It takes about a week to do the job thoroughly and quite often the stain on the print is too faint to make reading difficult.

The tedium of a railway journey can always be avoided by taking a good book along. The traveller can start looking for it as soon as he discovers it has been lost or stolen, and he can keep right on looking till he reaches his destination. He might even enlist the help of the porter, the conductor, the news-agent; but his chances of finding the book are no better than if he works alone.

There are few playthings more pleasing for a baby than a book soft enough to be mauled and thin enough to be chewed. It is true that the toy will probably be short-lived, but is that not so with any toy on which the baby lays his hands? The right kind of book will give the little fellow his first taste of literature, though care must be taken that he does not overtax himself. No infant should be allowed to digest more than two chapters of a modern novel at a sitting. The modern practice of giving the baby indestructible picture books is deplorable. It is taking unfair advantage of his innocence and may conceivably lead him to believe he has no stomach for books.

As a sleeping powder what could be better than a learned treatise on an uninteresting subject written in long sentences and flavoured with unfamiliar words? Those who cannot sleep will find this method of inducing sleep less bewildering than counting sheep and far safer than taking drugs, and there is the added advantage that it can be taken again and again.

Every well-furnished home should have a few books on open shelves so that the housewife need not be afraid of having nothing to dust. One or two of the best bindings should be placed in the guest room and should be changed as soon as the taste of the visitor can be guessed. Make sure it's the type of book he won't be tempted to swipe.

This by no means exhausts the lists of practical uses to which books may be put. They come in handy as pedestals for low flower-vases; they can be given as bridge prizes when you are at a loss for a more suitable prize; they do nobly as Christmas presents; they can be used to train the dog to carry parcels; they can be lent to friends who would much rather not have to read them; they can even, if it comes to that, be read by the owner—reading won't hurt the book any and may do the man a world of good.

D.M.

Big Game Huntresses

Not so very long ago, a very brave "Black Shirt" Hunter, with a heart of steel, left Italy for Ethiopia. Over his heart he wore a compass presented to him by a demure duchess. Due to the "Law of Attraction" the compass needle was deviated and his steps were directed falsely. After much wandering around, he arrived in Gay Paree, sorely puzzled by the course of events. His curious story attracted great publicity in the Paris Star, and Miss Ellen Munroski, a beautiful Russian girl, decided he might be able to assist her and her friend, Miss Janie Talorem, in their "bring them back alive" campaign in the wilds of P.H.S.

After months of primping and fussing, the young ladies announced that they were ready, and the expedition set out with the ammunition bearer, a coloured boy named Jack. As they entered the jungle via the front door of P.H.S., the discordant falsetta laugh of P.H.S.'s one and only wavy haired male hyena greeted them. Terrified, the girls repaired their make-up and resumed their journey into the main hall. Janie caught sight of a poor blonde Martin, who instantly fell a victim to her fair beauty.

Ellen, in the meantime, crossed to the water hole, to refresh herself from its cool depths. Suddenly, up sprang a hippo from the other side of the brook. With great alacrity Ellen sprang up and ran toward the rest of the party. In her haste she slipped on the green Moss and fell upon the Barron waste. Jack saw her predicament and instantly brought up reinforcements of lavender and sweet pea bombs which she cast with amazing accuracy at the poor hippo, who fell an easy victim to her wiles.

After the animals had been put in cages, the party decided to dine, and Jack made the little Durham calf into Veall, which they ate with great relish.

Janie strolled out of camp after supper, and in the artificial light she glimpsed a giraffe. She was sure that it must (E)be a giraffe because it had so much neck. As she advanced toward it, it fell on its knees and looked at her mournfully through its glasses, beseeching her to like it a little bit. Janie decided then and there she would keep it for a pet.

After a week of unsuccessful hunting the party withdrew from the wilds of P.H.S. to civilization. The hunter remained with Janie for a few weeks and saved her from harm when she fell into a Well(s). Then his good deeds finished, he decided to return to Britton despite the earnest pleadings of Ellen and Janie, our two little dispensers of charm.

Two petites Humorettes.

P.S. Ellen and Janie are willing to give pointers in charm to any who wish them.

An Ode to Mousie, My Cat

(With apologies to my contemporaries).

You all have heard of love, so noble and fine
 But have you ever heard of love like mine;
 So passionate, so consuming and so grand,
 Was there ever love like this between cat and man?
 She has the loveliest long gray fur,
 And the sweetest mouth and the nicest purr;
 And as she pussy-foots around the house,
 She gaily pretends she has caught a mouse.
 "She steals like a raven," I hear Wifey say,
 But she even does that in a very nice way;
 No hurry or rush, as some cats do,
 But a refined way of grabbing the meat from the stew.
 Oh yes! she's a darling, she can't be beat,
 With her lovely green eyes, and her dainty white feet;
 And the way she scratches if some dog she does meet,
 Oh yes! I am sure she can't be beat.
 She is not a beauty of any great note,
 She is not worthy of even one vote;
 But she is the only cat, this side of the sea,
 In fact, the only cat, in the world for me.

Ruth Durham.

Surname Contest

- 1 The man who was invited to shave a pig.
- 2 What Cupid does before he shoots his arrows.
- 3 A Cockney exclamation.
- 4 A painful affliction.
- 5 The boy of the nursery rhyme who met the baker selling pies.
- 6 An ex-premier of Canada very popular with the ladies.
- 7 Capable of bearing exposure to cold weather.
- 8 An early inhabitant of England.
- 9 Advertised as beneficial to pale people.
- 10 The dusty man whom a king envied.
- 11 Where we seek spring flowers.
- 12 Soup? Soup? Who said soup?
- 13 The name of a remedy recommended for cranky people.
- 14 Toronto's jealous rival.
- 15 Fodder for cattle.
- 16 Tender meat.
- 17 A hoisting machine.
- 18 A lace collar.
- 19 A place where grain is stored.
- 20 How a woman of fifty likes to look.
- 21 Lenten food.
- 22 A dance of ancient times.
- 23 The composer of a well-known Canadian patriotic song.
- 24 Females of the red deer.
- 25 A premier of Ontario who became a member of the Canadian Cabinet.
- 26 A net used to catch fish and not butterflies.
- 27 Things that run but never walk.
- 28 A great musician of Toronto who has been knighted.
- 29 A famous headmaster of Rugby.
- 30 The housewife's laboratory.
- 31 A former principal of Brantford Collegiate Institute.
- 32 Great German musical composer.
- 33 A number of clerical gentlemen.
- 34 A high grade make of fountain pens.
- 35 A gold coin.
- 36 A famous living English dramatist.
- 37 A member of a city council.
- 38 An early colonizer of Newfoundland.
- 39 Two letters.
- 40 A great hymn-writer.
- 41 An ex-premier of England still in the cabinet.
- 42 A kind of flour.
- 43 A northern strait of Canada.
- 44 A county in Ireland.
- 45 The head of a faculty of a University.
- 46 One of Canada's most northern seaports.
- 47 What merchants like to make.
- 48 A river of Australia.
- 49 A reliable mustard.
- 50 A flowerless plant.

Editor's Note: The answers to the above will be found among the surnames of students attending P.H.S. The first ten pupils submitting the correct answers to the Chairman of the Editorial Committee will receive a free Year Book. The decision of the Editorial Committee will be final and no appeal will be considered.



The boys of P.H.S. are quite proud of a very original and exclusive club which has its abode within the lofty portals of our school. This "invention" of their fertile brains is intended as a direct rebuff to those presumptive females who think that their "Idiotic Association of Gigglers" is the only "organization" at P.H.S. It was only the natural modesty of the boys that kept this club in seclusion, at least until after the girls appeared on the scene. But now the truth must be out.

With the usual masculine scorn for flowery phrases, so dear to feminine hearts the boys chose the simple, yet appropriate title "The Ancient, Dishonourable Order of the Sons of Rest."

Realizing that many of the boys at P.H.S. were beginning to display a wholly unnatural desire for work, the Sons of Rest determined to combat this heinous habit. A certain Htiek Rellim (I always get it backwards) coming to school with his homework done provided the necessary spark and war was declared. The Master Loafer (Bon Himmons) was in complete accord with the suggestion of the Lazy Scribe (Francis Redham) that a drive for new members be instituted. Yet they feel that only those fired with righteous zeal can ever hope to undergo the rigid tests imposed by the "Council of the Sleepy Seven". He who survives is truly a Son of Rest. Space permits me to mention only a few of the necessary requirements of an idealistic Son of Rest.

(1) The candidate must on no account appear wide awake or industrious; he must sleep at least half every period. The ideal candidate will sag lazily in his seat and gaze with lazy unconcern around the room, on no account listen to the teacher. If the aforesaid yells at you, blink lazily, obtain an injured air from someplace, put it on your face, shrug your shoulders resignedly, and then proceed to go to sleep again. It is preferable to sleep with your feet on a level with the desk ahead of you. In this way perhaps the victim in the next seat may be persuaded to accompany

you into the arms of Morpheus. Who knows?

(2) Never do any homework. Home is a place to rest and work is to be avoided. You may, if you so desire, lug a small volume out of the room, if the teacher is looking it is a swell idea, but only on pain of death will you take it home. Leave it in the hall as near the door as possible so you won't have far to transport it.

Detention gives the true Son of Rest a chance to display this art in all its serene perfection. On entering the Detention Form, incidentally a Son of Rest will enter it often, the candidate will choose a seat at the back where the Teacher can't see you. Arrange yourself comfortably, close your eyes and "rest." A sonorous snore helps create an atmosphere, in complete harmony with the cheerful air pervading "Detention", and also attracts much favourable attention. Thus a very cheerful hour should be enjoyed unless some unforeseen occurrence disturb the perfect serenity so common to a S.O.R.

Although we admit that the Gigglers had more promising material on which to work, nevertheless we are determined to surpass by far any of their "petty" records. The Sons of Rest is the most exclusive and dishonourable club in the school. I know because I am

A Member.

Can You Tell ?

- 1 Why Alex Barron waits around school after four?
- 2 Who the thinnest boy in school is?
- 3 If 32 degrees is freezing point, what squeezing point is?
- 4 The girl in the school with the loudest giggle?
- 5 Why Harold Smith is irresistible to the girls?
- 6 Who the champion gum-chewer is?
- 7 Who our future song bird of the South will be?
- 8 Who the prettiest girl in the school is?
- 9 What Elfreda's favourite piano solo is?
- 10 How the boys in P.H.S. make the girls fall?
- 11 Which room in P.H.S. is the tidiest?
- 12 The name of the boy with the biggest feet for his size?
- 13 Why Don Simmons is continually talking about priests?
- 14 Who Third Form's most studious boys are?
- 15 What the most outstanding colour at P.H.S. is?
- 16 Who the escaped convict is that attends P.H.S.?
- 17 Who Third Form's most attentive young man is (to the girls, not his lessons)?
- 18 Who the most handsome boy in IC is?
- 19 The name of the girl with the widest grin?
- 20 Who is going to be our most distinguished artist?
- 21 The name of the smartest girl at P.H.S.
- 22 Who our perfect model for men's clothes will be?
- 23 What Gordon Cruickshank and Janet Dodds find to talk about at noon hour on the softball diamond?
- 24 The girl that wears the most exclusive jewelry?
- 25 Who takes the greatest number of subjects at school?

Humor From our Exchanges

Editor—Jean Taylor

Bill Rutherford—"Yes, Dad, I am a big gun in fifth year."

Dad—"Then why don't I hear better reports?"

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa

Hubert Wells—"What kind of shoes would look best with these socks?"

Mary Kennedy—"Hip Boots."

"The Tatler", Lindsay.

Teacher—"What is the opposite of joy?"

Class—"Sorrow."

Teacher—"What is the opposite of pleasure?"

Class—"Pain."

Teacher—"What is the opposite of woe?"

Class—"Giddap."

"Collegian", Stratford.

Nit—"If you stood up over a dime, you would remind me of Woolworth's."

Wit—"How come?"

Nit—"Nothing over ten cents."

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

Miss Rae—"Order, please."

Art Barrowcliffe—"I'll have a western sandwich."

"Purple and Gold", Newmarket.

Parents spend half their time wondering how a child will turn out, and the rest of the time wondering when a child will turn in.

"The Tatler", Lindsay.

Verna Pottruff—"Let's stop dancing for a while."

Ivan Watt—"But I thought you said you could die dancing."

Verna—"Yes, but I didn't say anything about being trampled to death."

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

Mr Smale (singing teacher)—"Tell me what is your idea of harmony?"

Norman Lindsay—"A freckle-faced girl in a polka dot dress, and a leopard coat leading a giraffe."

"Vov Lycei", Ottawa.

"Oh Senorita, to-night I will stand beneath your window and sing you a sweet serenade", breathed the ardent wooer, Ted Roberts.

"Do, and I will drop you a flower" said the adorable sweetly—Hazel Folsetter.

"In love?" he asked eagerly.

"No, in a pot," she replied firmly.

"Year Book", Shelburne.

"Fill her up," said absent minded Jim Cameron to the waiter, as he seated himself in a restaurant with Frances Kitchen.

"The Spotlight", Stevensville.

Agnes Billings—"I want to try that suit on in the window."

Clerk—"Sorry, you'll have to use the dressing room."

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

Mary Mogan—"Where was the treaty for the last war signed?"

Ken Cumming—"At the bottom of the last page."

"Static", Ottawa.

Brooks, Sr.—“Say look here yer ain’t getting so much milk from them cows as yer uster.”

Milton Brooks, Jr.—“Nope! Sorta lost my pull.”

“Acta Nostra”, Guelph.

John Moran—“The horn on your car must be broken.”

James Murray—“No, it’s indifferent”.

John—“What do you mean?”

James—“It just doesn’t give a hoot.”

“Vox Lycei,” Ottawa.

Landlady (nocking at bedroom door)—“Eight o’clock! Eight o’clock!”

Doug. Moss (Sleepily)—“Did you? Better call a doctor.”

“The Tatler’s”, Lindsay.

Mr. Smith—“This morning we will consider the heart and lungs.”

Jack Brown—“Another organ recital.”

“The Oracle”, Woodstock.

Miss Sinclair—“Can any of you pupils tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?”

Jean Kennedy—“I don’t know, or I’d take some myself.”

“Pelham Pynx”, Fenwick.

Bert Cruickshank—“I saw a man swallow a sword.”

Kathleen Keen—“That’s nothing, I saw a man inhale a camel.”

“The Collegian”, Stratford.

James Cameron (arrested for speeding)—“But, officer, I am a Collegiate Student.”

Officer—“Ignorance is no excuse.”

“The Challenger”, St. John, N. B.

Miss Flanagan (teaching geography)—“Can anyone tell me where we find mangoes?”

Willie Elliott—“Yes, where woman goes.”

“The Lantern”, London.

Statistics show that women live longer than men. Paint certainly is a fine preservative.

“The Tatler”, Tillsonburg.

Yvonne Todd—“Do you like eating out of doors?”

Ray Dutchburn—“No, I prefer plates.”

“The Twig”, Toronto.

Don Simmons—“What subjects are you taking up?”

Norman Seip—“P. T. and spares.”

“Pelham Pynx, Fenwick.

Miss McKenzie—“Give me a sentence with flippancy in it.”

Billy Davis—“Let’s flippancy who pays for the cones.”

“Purple and Gold”, Princeton.

Art Barrowcliffe (Looking at Giraffe)—“Some neck!”

Doris Tucker—“Yeh! but I don’t.”

“The Oracle”, Woodstock.

Winnie Wilson—“You drive fast don’t you?”

Bill McCrow—“I hit sixty-five yesterday.”

Winnie Wilson—“Did you kill any of them?”

“The Twig”, Toronto.

Hazel Lindsay—"Do you serve lobsters?"

Waiter (Billy Fysh)—"Sure, we serve everybody."

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

"I'm fed up on that", said the baby (Keith Miller) pointing to the high chair.

"Times", Kingston.

Teacher—"Fools ask questions that wise men cannot answer."

Art Evans—"I wondered why I flunked in that exam."

"The Argus Annual", Essex.

Mr. Butcher—"Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?"

Keith Brown—"Yes, but you should hear the taxi-drivers."

"Collegian", Stratford.

George Hunter—"Mummy, is it true that man is made of dust?"

Mother—"Yes, dear."

George Hunter—"Well, I guess there'll soon be one under the spare bed."

"Tel-U-Al", Waterford.

Norman Seip—"Something seems to be wrong with the engine."

Betty Cameron—"Don't be foolish Norm. Wait until we get off the main road."

"The Garnet and White", Picton.

Lucile Kitchen—"I dreamt I was dancing with you last night."

Kester Thomson—"Oh, you thrill me!"

Lucile Kitchen—"Yes—and when I woke up I found my kid sister pounding my feet with a flatiron."

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

Mr. Smith—"I'm going to hold this class for fifteen minutes after school."

Betty Larin—"Oh, sir, me first!"

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

James Elson (Graduating)—"Good-bye sir, I'm indebted to you for all I know."

Mr. Butcher—"Pooh laddie! don't mention such a trifle."

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

Grace Heaney—"I think I have a cold or something in my head."

Miss Rae—"Probably a cold."

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

Allan Veall—"I've changed my mind."

Dorothy Watt—"Does it work any better?"

"Vox Lycei", Ottawa.

Miss Sinclair—"This is the third time I've caught you looking at Russell Clarkson's book."

Alfred Gibbons—"Yes, he doesn't write very plainly."

"Collegian", Stratford.

Editor's Note: The jokes printed above are taken from various school magazines which we have received. To these contributors we sincerely apologize for any slight liberty we have taken in substituting names of P.H.S. pupils.

Registration Lists

FORM IA

Kathleen Ames, Violet Armstrong, Marie Ballard, Howard Brooks, William Burt, Gordon Campbell, Eric Carter, McGregor Cocks, Stanley Cruickshank, Edith Dodds, Albert Gilbert, Joyce Graham, Edgar Hamilton, Mildred Hamilton, Dorothy Herriman, Arnold Hey, Frances Inksater, Dorothy McCrow, Mary McKeen, Charles Matthias, Agnes Maus, Arden Miller, Charles Monteith, Herbert Monteith, David Moss, Jack Muir, Robert Nesbitt, Fred Rayner, Clarence Sayles, Myra Simmons, David Tough, John Veall, Betty Wickson, Thomas Wilson, Jack Winch, Webster Woods.

FORM IB

Sadie Arnold, Kathryn Beckthold, Clara Bolinsky, Lloyd Brooks, William Cameron, Nellie Campbell, Betty Carter, Eleanor Churchill, Gertrude Dean, Janet Dodds, Winnifred Eames, Winnifred Elson, Doris England, Leonard Garner, Fred Gill, Jacqueline Hardie, Doris Howes, Lloyd Humphreys, Jean Hynds, Jack Kelley, Ross Knill, Norma Lediet, Kathleen McDonald, William McKibbin, Alfred MacMillan, Dorothy Morgan, Florence Morris, Oliver Mowat, Mary Parker, Harry Pilley, Benjamin Sales, Harold Smith, Gladys Stephens, Donald Taylor, Ernest Thomson, Robert Thompson, Doris Tucker, Doris Young.

*FORM IC

Norma Axton, Russel Clarkson, Bert Cruickshank, Kathleen Dore, William Fysh, Alfred Gibbons, Jean Kennedy, Mildred Lewis, Raymond Lindsay, Evaleen Martin, William Mitchell, Doris Shannon, Jack Simon, Ernest Sinclair, Carrie Steinhoff, Minnie Steinhoff, Mark Thompson, Patricia Tomlinson, Edward Townsend.

*JUNIOR COMMERCIAL

Clarence Barber, Gladys Bemrose, Gwendolyn Bemrose, Muriel Bentley, Harry Bolinsky, William Davis, Stanley Dutchburn, Charles Elson, Francis Graham, Kathleen Grasby, Kathleen Keen, Hazel Lindsay, Hazel Lowe, Teresa Murphy, Margaret Nash, Keith Ratcliffe, Lloyd Richardson, Harold Rickwood, Douglass Schumann, Arthur Shaw, Ethel Sinclair, Loretta Willson, Jean Young.

FORM II

James Alderman, Muriel Barrett, Lancelot Bennett, Dorothy Boyle, James Bradley, Betty Cameron, James Cameron, William Campbell, Marjorie Cavan, Waldron Creeden, Burleigh Crozier, Leroy Edwards, Arthur Evans, George France, Orla Frosch, Lucy Grulke, Lorne Hutchinson, Verna Huty, Dean Johnston, John Layden, Harry McCormick, Donald McLauchlin, Jack Martin, Douglas Maus, Margaret Miller, Mary Mogan, Marie Moriarity, Betty Muir, Dorothy Nash, Kenneth Newstead, Kenneth Nuttall, Gordon Parsons, Hazel Pearson, George Redfern, Lloyd Sinclair, Douglas Verity, Lawrence Watts, Walter Williams, Alex Wilson, Arthur Wilson, Irene Woods.

FORM III

Arthur Barrowcliffe, Evelyn Bee, Lyndon Bosworth, Irene Bradley, Audrey Brooks, Kathleen Butcher, Evelyn Cassady, Beulah Coates, John

Coates, Lyle Corbett, Marian English, Marjorie Gillies, Rita Granton, Grace Heaney, Isobel Inksater, Betty Kelley, John Kennedy, Frances Kitchen, Lucile Kitchen, Betty Larin, George Lee, Dorothy Leishman, Donald MacDonald, Keith Miller, Catherine Mitchell, Geoffrey Mitchell, Burt Moore, John Moran, Jean Perry, Jack Rogers, Marion Ross, Josephine Rowlett, Gladys Schuyler, Grace Schuyler, Louise Simmons, Harold Stewart, Barbara Summerby, Barbara Thomson, Kester Thomson.

FORM IV

Andrew Barber, Rita Bradley, Milton Brooks, Keith Brown, Kenneth Cumming, Grace Dennis, Ruth Hickson, Mary Jeffery, Harold Lee, Norman Lindsay, Elizabeth Maus, Walter Miller, James Murray, Verna Pott-ruff, Joyce Priest, Ted Roberts, Goldie Smith, Louise Sovereign, William Stockton, Mabel Taylor, Barbara Telfer, Ivan Watt, Ruby Watts, Hubert Wells, Jack Wilkin, Marian Wreaks.

FORM V

Alex Barron, Elsie Black, Mary Britton, Doris Brooks, Jack Brown, Lorna Craigie, Ruth Durham, Harold Eby, James Elson, Hazel Folsetter, Ruth Gilbert, Roger Grainger, Donald Hickson, Keith Holder, George Hunter, Mary Kennedy, Emory Knill, William McCrow, John Maus, Douglas Moss, Elleene Munroe, Jean Reid, William Rutherford, Dorothy Schuyler, Norman Seip, Donald Simmons, Glenn Taylor, Allan Veall, Dorothy Watt, Elmer Yeandle.

SENIOR COMMERCIAL

Doris Bateman, Agnes Billings, Helen Bone, David Cavan, Gordon Cruickshank, Raymond Dutchburn, William Elliott, George Garner, Ilene Marlett, Jean Taylor, Yvonne Todd, Elfreda Townsend, Winnifred Wilson, Dorothy Wimmer, Lloyd Wise.

Note:— * Together in the same room.

Interesting Items

1. What are the five largest cities of the world?
2. What is the largest island in the world?
3. What are the three largest oceans in the world?
4. What is the average depth of oceans and seas.
5. How fast does light travel?
6. How far is the earth from the sun?
7. How fast does sound travel?
8. What was the weight of the largest gold nugget ever found?
9. What bird can fly backwards?
10. What is a sponge?
11. When were numbers first used?
12. What is the total indebtedness of all nations?
13. How much gold money is there in the world?
14. What are the six great races of mankind?
15. What is the longest river in the world?
16. What is the largest waterfall in the world?
17. What is the highest mountain in the world?
18. What is the lowest point below sea level in the world?
19. What is the largest lake in the world?
20. What is the longest railway tunnel in the world?

(Answers to be found among the advertising.)

Former Graduates

1925

Helen Ames, R.N.—Nursing in Chicago.
 Delmar Chapple, B. Comm.—Beatty Bros., Fergus.
 Esther Collins (Mrs. C. Cornell)—Branford, Ont.
 Margaret Deans, B.A.—Head Office of Mutual Life Assurance Co., Waterloo.
 Terrence Flahiff—First year, Osgoode Hall, Toronto.
 Sydney Gould, Ph.D.—Lecturer at Toronto University.
 Irma Haire (Mrs. George Columbus)—Brantford, Ont.
 Kenneth Hatch, Phm.B.—Upper Town Drug Store, Paris.
 Georgina Kay (Mrs. Henry Broughton)—Paris.
 Burt Lilley—Bell Telephone Co., Toronto.
 Marion Newton—Queen Victoria St. Public School, Hamilton.
 Joseph Sykes, B.S.A., M.S.—Chemical research work, University of Toronto.
 Mildred Wells (Mrs. W. Reed Hadsell)—Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

1926

Zelma Creeden, Reg. N.—Nursing in Toronto General Hospital.
 Kenneth Dunn—Accountant with T. H. R. Brock, Kitchener.
 Eleanor Flahiff, Reg. N.—At home, Paris.
 Mary Lorymer, Reg. N.—Nursing in Paris.
 Mabel Maus (Mrs. Gordon McCutcheon)—Guelph, Ont.
 Thomas McCammon—Accountant, Beatty Bros. Store, Kitchener.
 Richard Lundy, M.A. Sc.—In charge of Laboratory at Courtaulds, Cornwall, Ontario.
 Madeline Moore, Reg. N.—Private nursing in Paris.
 Mabel Robinson, Reg. N. (Mrs. R. C. McLaughlin)—Alexander St., Paris.
 Albert Smith, B.A. (Queen's 1935)—Taking postgraduate work at Queen's on the Leonard Fellowship and acting as tutor in Philosophy.

1927

Yvonne Apps, B.A. (Mrs. C. F. Morrison)—Toronto.
 Helen Bishop—In Toronto.
 Henry Broughton—Penmans General Office.
 Kenneth Brown, B.A. Sc.—Hollinger Mines, Timmins.
 Melbourne Buck—Head Office of Wear-Ever Brush Co., Toronto.
 Ronald Chapple, B.A., M.D.—With the International Nickle Company, at Creighton Mines, Ont.
 Albert Edgington—With Siegrist & Co., Bond House, London, Ont.
 Gertrude Haire—Director of Women's Physical Education at the Commodore Hotel, New York.
 Thelma Kempthorne—Head Office of Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine, Paris.
 Margaret Lovett, R.N.—Imperial Oil Hospital, Talara, Peru.
 Earle Miller—Hollinger Gold Mines, Timmins.
 Bessie Mitchell—No. 1 Office, Penmans.
 Hazel Pelton—Teaching Tansley Public School.
 Ivan Rycroft—Sec'y-Treas. Vancouver Branch, Manufacturer's Life Insurance Co.
 Gerald Sykes—Kaministiquia Public School.
 Elizabeth Telfer—In the office of G. R. Sibbick.
 David Tough, M.A.—Walkerton High School.
 Evelyn Willson—Ayr, Ont.
 Robert Wishart, B. Comm.—Canadian General Electric Co., Peterborough.

1928

Bruce Adams—Fern Ave., Public School, Toronto.
Eric Apps, D.D.S.—Practising dentistry at Sioux Lookout, Ont.
Mary Black—Penmans General Office, Paris.
Bernard Brown, B.A.Sc.—With the Aberfoyle Company, Guelph.
Arthur Cullum—Staff reporter of the Hamilton Herald in Brantford.
Doris Gardner—Head Office Gypsum, Lime, Alabastine Co., Paris.
Emily Howard (Mrs. W. G. Boyd)—Toronto, Ont.
Hazel Laurie—At home, Paris.
Marion McCammon (Mrs. H. J. Schaefer)—Paris, Ont.
Inez Newell—Oakville Public School.
Isabelle Sinclair, B.A.—Paris High School.
Glen Wentworth—Bank of Toronto, Dorchester, Ont.
Ellen Wishart—Hallam Street Public School, Toronto.

1929

Betty Aitken (Mrs. Don Ford)—Paris.
William Barlow—Bank of Toronto, Hamilton.
Thomas Briggs, B.A. Sc.—Barber-Ellis, Brantford.
Marguerite Bringloe—No. 1 Office, Penmans.
Betty Burt, B.A.—School of Commerce, Ottawa.
Wilma Carr—Dominion House Furnishings, Brantford.
Donald Crozier—Dome Mines, South Porcupine, Ont.
Ernest Gould, M.A.—Lecturer in History, McMaster University.
Phyllis Grant—Teaching, Canning Public School.
William Hewitt—Canada Packers, Toronto.
Earl McDonald—At home, Paris.
Fred Pascoe—At home, Paris.
Robert Richardson—Bank of Toronto, Paris.
Betty Sutherland—At home, north of Paris.

1930

Isobel Burt (Mrs. D. A. Smith)—Near Paris.
Helen Campbell—McPherson P.S., near Paris.
Helen Churchill, B.A.—Smoke & Goold Law Office, Paris.
John Cox—Ontario Hydro-Electric System, London.
Joel Eby, B.Sc.—Mining Engineer, International Nickel Co., Sudbury.
Dorothy Flanagan—Calgary Normal School.
Reba Gilham, B.A.—Toronto, 1935, attending Toronto Normal School.
Ronald Gorrie, B.A.Sc.—Chemist with the Canada Printing Ink Co., Toronto.
Pearl Holmes—At Woodstock.
Alpheus Lovett—Working in Hamilton.
Jean Stockton—Nurse-in-training, Hamilton General Hospital.
Marie Taylor—At home, near Paris.
Phyllis Telfer—Principal's Secretary, Paris High School.
Gordon Thomson—At home, Paris.
Mona Todd—At home, Paris.
Ruth Watson—Graduated from Hamilton General Hospital in September.
At home, Paris.
Evelyn Wells—Teaching Public School at Williamsburg, near Kitchener.
Terence Whitbread, B.A.—At home, Paris.
Hugh Wilson—Sixth year in Medicine, University of Western Ontario.

1931

Charles Cowan—Fourth year at McMaster University.
Margaret Flahiff—Fourth year, Honour English and History, U. of T.
Leone Gardner—At home, Paris.
Margaret Grant—Windsor Public School.
Rey Harmer—At home, Drumbo.
Judith Lovett—Head Office of Bank of Commerce, Toronto.
Alton McAllister—At home, south of Paris.
Orval Miller—Hollinger Gold Mine, Timmins.
Robert Oliver—Teaching public school near Bright.
Evelyn Roberts—Paris Public School.
Agnes Wall—Teaching public school near Mattawa.

1932

Sylvanus Apps—Fourth year, Honour Economics, McMaster.
 Gordon Barron—Second year at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.
 Vera Cruickshank—Teaching at Block School, near Paris.
 Clifford Cunningham—At home, Canning.
 Charles Dickson—Teaching public school near Kitchener.
 Lillian Kelley—Teaching in Papple's School, near Paris.
 Mary Kenerson—Teaching in Hespeler Public School.
 Elizabeth Kyle—Nurse-in-training, Victoria Hospital, London.
 Albert Luck, B.A. (McMaster 1935)—Taking course in Theology at McMaster.
 Isabel Lundy—Final year in Arts, U. of T.
 Dorothy McCausland—At home, Paris.
 Dorothy McCorick—South Ward Public School, Paris.
 Clarence Maus—At home, north of Paris.
 Gordon Miller—Third year, Medicine, U. of T.
 Harry Peel—At home, Paris.
 Harold Schuyler—At home, south of Paris.
 Howard Schuyler—At home, south of Paris.
 Ross Smith—In business with his uncle, Shelburne, Ont.
 Earle Sparks—Teaching at Wolverton.
 George Wilson—Fourth year—Commerce and Finance, U. of T.

1933

Fred Bemrose—In No. 1 Office, Penmans.
 Lawrence Cassady—Commercial traveller for sporting goods, etc.
 Cameron Cowan—First year Faculty of Medicine, Toronto University.
 Irene Crawford—No. 1 Office, Penmans.
 Hilda Crozier—At South Porcupine.
 John Cunningham—At home, Paris.
 Marshall Deans—At home, west of Paris.
 Catherine Flahiff—Shaw Business College, Toronto.
 Mildred Gould—First year Honour Moderns, U. of T.
 Ruth Guthrie—At home, north of Paris.
 Murray Lee—At Woodstock.
 Margaret McArthur—Teaching, Paris Central School.
 Emily Rehder—Nurse-in-training, Grace Hospital, Toronto.
 Jean Reid—At home, Paris.
 George Rutherford—Teaching in Woodbury.
 Doris Showers—Office of Robinson Business College, Brantford.
 Allan Wells—Just returned after spending nine months at the Paris branch of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. He expects to complete the course in New York early in the new year.
 Ellen Whiting—At home, south of Paris.
 Berniece Wilson—At home, Paris.
 Homer Wilson—Teaching in Shower's School.
 Evelyn Woods—Third year Mathematics and Physics, Western University.

1934

Margaret Buck—Graduated from Brantford Business College.
 Verna Buck—At home, west of Paris.
 Jean Black—At home, Paris.
 Jack Bailey—O.A.C., Guelph.
 Lorne Brooks—Second year in Honour Mathematics and Physics, at Western University, London.
 Agnes Jean Cavan—Office of "Our Own Delivery", Brantford.
 Harold Etherington—At home, Paris.
 Alex Ferguson, At home, Paris.
 William Guthrie—Working, north of Paris.
 Murray Hamilton—At home, north of Paris.
 Harold Higgins—In final year at St. Jerome's College, Kitchener.
 Verta Kenerson—Second year in Business Administration and Secretarial Science at Western.
 Delmar Kipp—At home, Princeton.

Murray McGill—Second year at O.A.C., Guelph.
Constance McKie—At home, Paris.
Vernon Martin—Apprentice at Walker Press.
Joe Meggs—At home, Paris.
Lenore Miller—Nurse-in-training at Hamilton General Hospital.
Helen Pruss—At home, near Drumbo.
Madge Rounds—At home, near Drumbo.
Dorothy Rutherford—In the office of Paris Creamery.
Wilfred Ryerse—In the bank in Hagersville.
Walter Scott—At home, near Princeton.
Donald Stewart—In Scarfe & Co.'s office, Brantford.
Henry Smith—Teaching Public School near New Liskeard.
Kathleen Smith—At home, Paris.
Russell Taylor—Second year in Commerce and Finance, Toronto University.
Roger Veit—At home in Princeton.

Marriages

Broughton-Kay—At Knox's Church, Galt, on August 21, 1935, by the Rev. Dr. Smart, Henry Broughton (1927) to Georgina Kay (1925) of Paris.
Brown-Bayley—At the Church of the Messiah, Toronto, on January 16, 1932, by the Rev. Nie, Bernard L. Brown (1928) to Marjorie Llewellyn Bayley of Barbadoes, B.W.I.
Eby-Grainger—At Galt, on July 13, 1935, by the Rev. C. C. MacDonald, Joel O. Eby (1930) to Irene Grainger of Paris.
Edgington-Meggs—At Walkerville, on June 9, 1934, by the Rev. R. W. Knowles, M.A., Ph.D., Albert H. Edgington (1927) to Leone Betty Meggs of Paris.
Hatch-Pickell—At Paris, on September 24, 1932, by Rev. J. A. Wilson, F. Kenneth J. Hatch (1925) to Evelyn Elizabeth Pickell of Paris.
Rycroft-Lowdon—At St. Mark's Church, Vancouver, on August 27, 1935, by the Rev. J. Minto Swan, Ivan C. Rycroft (1927), to Viola Mae Lowdon of Vancouver.

Births

Buck—On May 23, 1935 at the Willett Hospital, Paris, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Buck, a daughter, Margaret Jean.
Foulds—On May 17, 1935, at the Willett Hospital, Paris, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Foulds (nee Olive Culp), a son, Richard Bruce.
MacQueen—On November 5, 1935, at the Wellesley Hospital, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. MacQueen, a son, Roger Webb.
Smith—On March 27, 1935, at the Willett Hospital, Paris, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald A. Smith (nee Isobel Burt), a son, Peter Alexander.
Sykes—On June 12, 1935, at the McKellar Hospital, Fort William, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Sykes, a daughter, Katherine Anne.
Toothe—On October 4, 1934, in Nassau, B.W.I., to Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Toothe (nee Patricia Lovett), a son, Patrick Edward.

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1. London, New York, Tokio, Berlin and Chicago.
2. Greenland.
3. Pacific, Atlantic and Indian Oceans.
4. Two to two and one-half miles.
5. 186,000 miles per second.
6. 93 million miles.
7. About 115 miles per second.
8. Almost 600 pounds, found at Hill End, New South Wales, value \$150,-000.00
9. The Humming bird.
10. A low water animal growing mostly on the bottom of the ocean or on rocks, etc.
11. In Egypt as early as 2,000 B.C.
12. About 110 billion dollars.

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14. Caucasian, Mongolian, Negro, Malayan, Semetic and Red Indian.
15. The Nile, 4,000 miles.
16. Did you guess wrong on this one? Most folks do. Iguassu Falls in Brazil and Argentine is nearly twice as wide as Niagara Falls and falls 210 feet compared to Niagara's 167 feet. Victoria Falls in South Africa is about 400 feet wider than Niagara and falls 343 feet.
17. Mount Everest, height 29,000 feet.
18. Dead Sea, Palestine 1,290 feet below sea level. Death Valley, California is 276 feet below sea level and the Sahara Desert is 150 feet below sea level.
19. Lake Chad.
20. Simplan tunnel between Switzerland and Italy, twelve miles, 450 yards long.

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1. Tom, Jim and Bill, who were camping, had a basket of apples. The first day, they divided them into 4 equal piles and each took one pile. The next day, they wished to divide the remainder into 4 equal piles and each to take one, but they would not divide evenly until Tom put one of his apples in the pile. They repeated a similar operation the third day. This time Tom was given the remaining pile also. If each boy received the same number of apples, how many were in the basket at first?
2. Divide \$100 among 100 men, women and children, giving each man \$10., each woman \$2. and each child 25 cents. How many children must there be?



The Palisades, Petawawa River, Algonquin Park.
Photo Courtesy C.N.R.

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Through the generous and willing assistance of our local and out-of-town advertisers, we are again able to publish our Year Book. To these faithful friends we wish to convey our appreciation and we ask our readers to patronize these merchants who have so unselfishly co-operated with us.

Once again the Paris Branch of the Canadian Legion has donated prizes to the pupils of P.H.S. for the best essays on "How can Canada Contribute towards World Peace?" We heartily thank the Legion for the interest they take in us, the students of P.H.S.

We realize without the aid and advice of our staff-advisers, Mr. Butcher and Mr. Smith, our work would have been much more difficult. To them we wish to express our thanks. And yet, any expression of appreciation is far from being complete unless we mention Miss Telfer. She it was who gave so generously of her time and labor to type all our material.

The staff of the school again displayed a keen interest in our literary education. We thank them for the generous prizes they donated for achievements in the literary field. Through your efforts a greater love for fine literature has risen within us. Thank you, staff.

The Committees wish to draw to your attention the list of ten questions entitled, "Can You Figure These Out?" which are found amongst the advertising. We suggest that you look these questions over carefully. To the first five of our readers sending in the correct answers to the Chairman of the Business Committee, a free Year Book will be given.

May we thank the members of our various committees for their valuable assistance in the preparation of this Year Book. Their untiring efforts were instrumental in making this Year Book the success it is.

NORMAN J. SEIP,
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3. Seven boys went to Paris Fair. Six of them spent exactly one dollar each. The other spent 30 cents more than the average of the party. How much did he spend?
4. Two men were comparing their ages. The older said to the younger: "Your age is my age reversed and the difference of our ages is 4 less than a quarter of their sum." Find their ages.
5. A circle is drawn in a square. A point is taken on the circumference 8 inches from one side of the square and 9 inches from the adjacent side. Find the length of the square.
6. On a slippery morning, a boy slipped back 1 foot every time he stepped two feet forward. How many steps must he take to go 100 yards?

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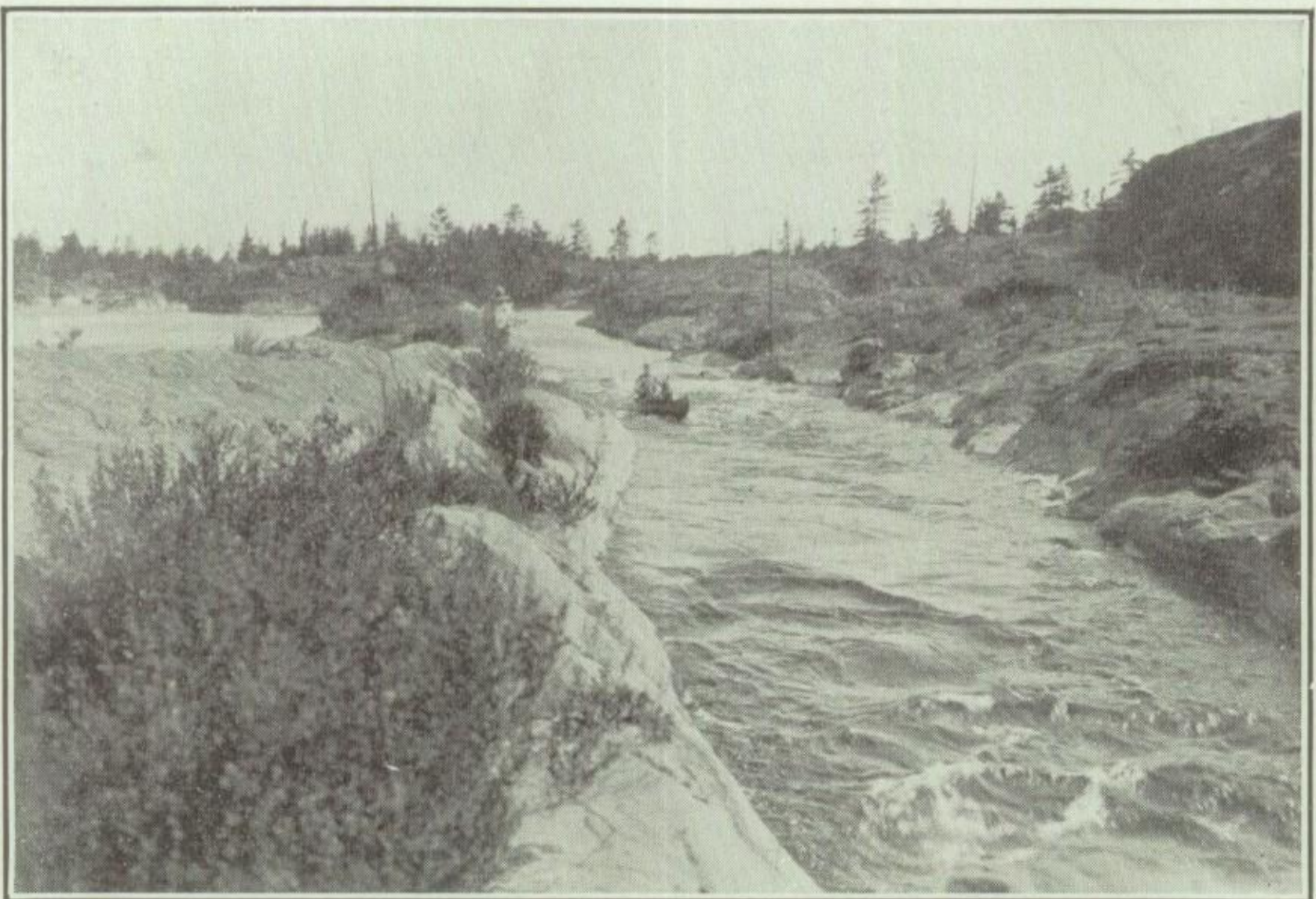
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Cameron**

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Georgian Bay, Ontario.

Photo Courtesy C.N.R.

Can You Figure These Out ?

7. If trains leave Montreal daily at noon for Vancouver and trains leave Vancouver daily at 1 p.m. (E.S.T.) for Montreal and each train takes exactly five days to reach its destination, how many trains from Vancouver does a train meet in going from Montreal to Vancouver?
8. Three fifth form couples wished to cross the Grand River where they must use a boat. The only boat available would hold only three persons. Each boy was too jealous to leave his partner with the others. How did they cross the river in the fewest possible trips?
9. Write down five different odd figures that add up to 34.
10. Take two letters from a three-letter word and have ten left.

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Queen of the Paper Knife: "Care to buy a nice letter-opener, sir?"
"Don't need one. I'm married."

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight, alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour, until—

"Suppose you had money," she said; "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood. "I'd travel."

He felt her warm young hand slide into his. When he looked up, she had gone.

In his hand was a nickel!

An absent-minded jewelry salesman was getting married. He was presenting his bride-to-be with the ring during the ceremony and he hesitated.

"With this ring," prompted the minister.

"With this ring," nodded the salesman, "We give a written guarantee, reminding the customer that the price will be cheerfully refunded if not as represented."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the irate schoolmaster. "Why, at your age, Mr. Baldwin was at the top of his class."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "and at your age Mr. Baldwin was Prime Minister."

"No. 99, you have been granted a remission of your three years' sentence!"

No. 99: "Well, that's awkward, sir. When I came in here, I let my house for three years."

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Answers to "Can You Tell?"

- 1 To see that Elleene reaches home safely.
- 2 Art Shaw.
- 3 Two in the shade.
- 4 Agnes Billings. You can hear her three blocks away.
- 5 It's his crooning voice.
- 6 Willie Elliott. He only chews a five-cent package at a time.
- 7 Jean Kennedy. She is learning to sing, "When the Moon Comes over the Mountain."
- 8 That would be telling.
- 9 She tells us it is "Sing a Song of Sixpence."
- 10 By putting their feet out in the aisle and tripping them.
- 11 IA in Art period.
- 12 Bill Cameron. He takes 9½ now, and his feet are still spreading both ways.
- 13 Probably Joyce Priest is the reason.
- 14 Art Barrowcliffe and John Moran. They consider it their duty to wander around and see that the rest of the pupils are hard at work.
- 15 Canary Yellow. The boys think it makes them look outstanding.
- 16 The boy with Red, White and Black striped sweater. Keith Miller.
- 17 L-n-o-n B-s-o-t-h.
- 18 We have searched in vain and have failed to find one.
- 19 Lucile Kitchen. It goes from ear to ear.
- 20 George Hunter when he has finished drawing his trigonometry problems.
- 21 The girls are all so clever it is hard to choose.
- 22 Lloyd Sinclair.
- 23 The ball-game (maybe).
- 24 Since they all deal at the 15c store, it is hard to tell.
- 25 Glenn Taylor. He takes P.T. and spares.

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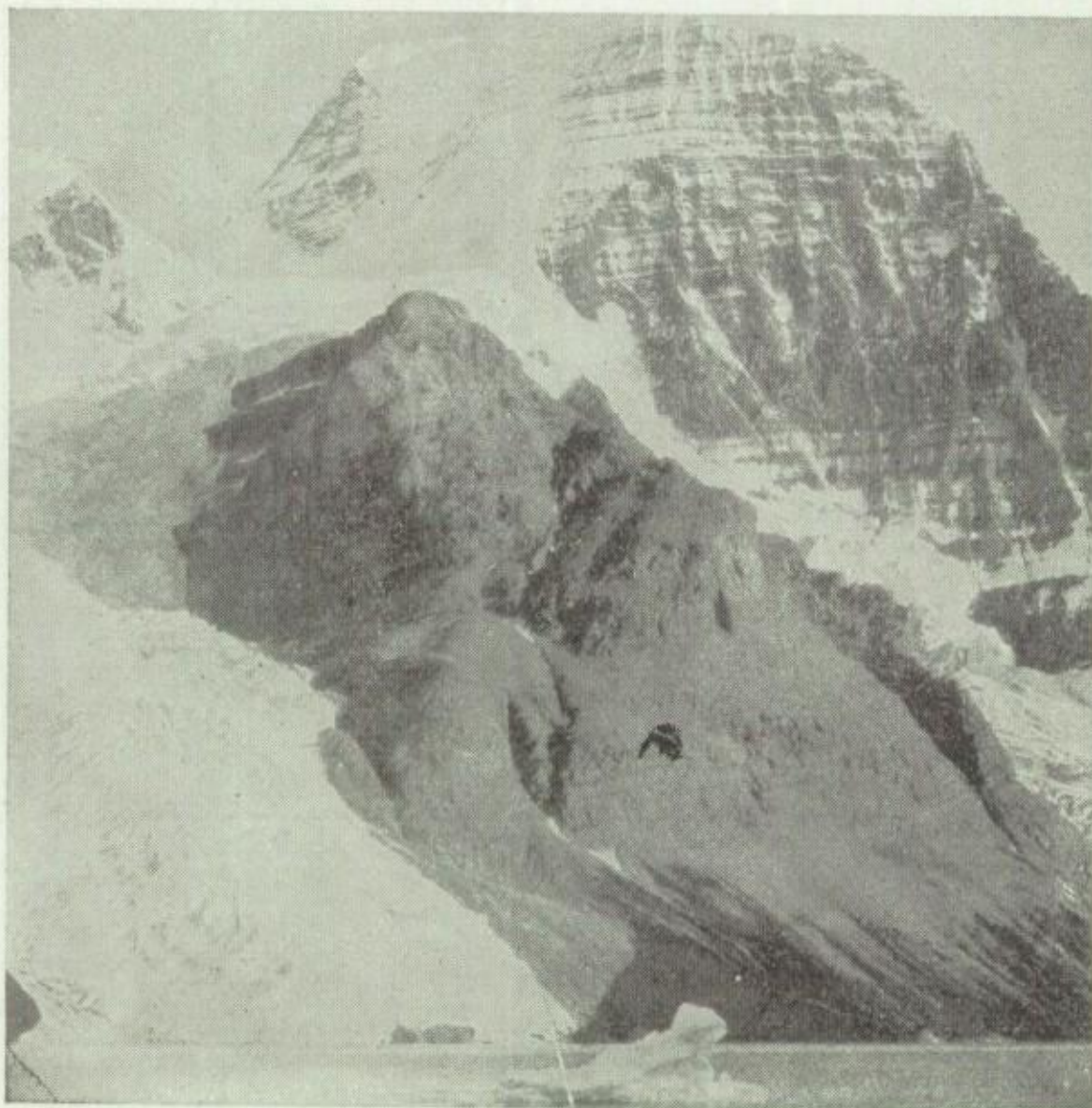
Mose was in the war. At every explosion he strove for the rear line. His colonel talked to him thus:

"You shouldn't be afraid, Mose. Why what if you do die? Heaven's your home."

"Yassuh, ah knows. But ah ain't homesick."

Wife: "I'm afraid the mountain air would disagree with me."

"Hubby: "My dear, it would not dare."



Mount Robson, British Columbia.
Photo Courtesy C.N.R.

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Autographs

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Verna Tuttle

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Brooks

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Mabel Jackson
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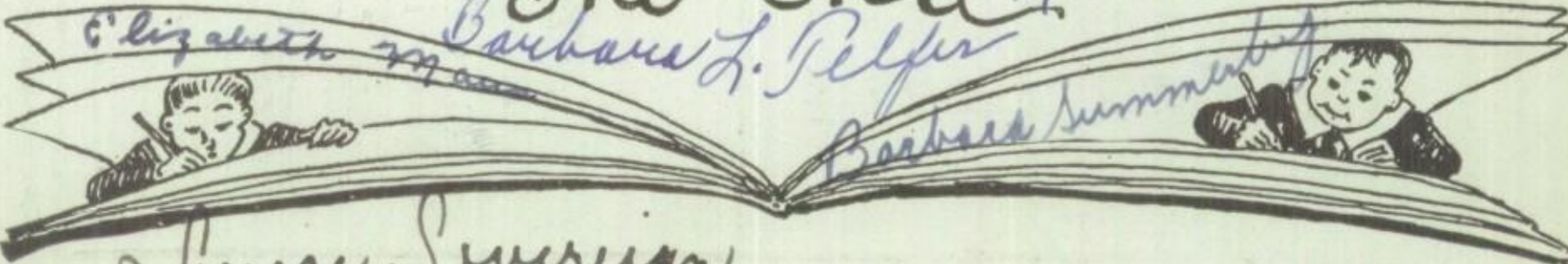
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